ANOTHER OF GOD'S WARRIORS.

CAPT. WESTACOTT, OF CENTRE STREET (SLUM CORPS), TORONTO, TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE AS HE STANDS ALONE FOR JESUS ON THE STREET, AND ALSO GIVES "WAR CRY" READERS AN IDEA OF HIS PAST CAREER.

When I gave up all to follow my Saviour I remember promising God that I would stand for Him alone if needs be, but I was never put really to the test until one evening last week I took the drum and went to the appointed place. The time came to commence the meeting, but no one came along. Then the devil began gently to pass in his suggestions, such as, "You'd better take your drum and sneak away back." I never felt my weakness so much before, but the angel that encampeth round about those that fear the Lord seemed to whisper in my ear, "*My grace is sufficient.*" *Glory* to God! I remembered the words of St. Paul, "When I am weak, then I am strong," so I gave out the first song, "Oh, millions now in hell are crying, 'All is lost.'" The people passed up and down, taking no particular notice. No doubt the remark was passed that it was strong language, but for all that, true. Let us who have our hearts cleansed from sin watch and pray and do our utmost to rescue the millions who are now on

The Road to Endless Woe,

and dark *despair. After I got through* with the song, and no one had stopped as yet, I got down on my knees beside the drum and had a good talk with God. I felt His presence so near, and when I opened my eyes again there had gathered a large crowd, and I was hemmed in on all sides. I stood on my feet before the mass of people, yet feeling my weakness, but confident that God had given me the victory. Bless His name.

While standing there, my past life all came up before me, once staggering up and down the streets, under the influence of liquor, and walking in darkness, even trampling on the Precious Blood of Jesus, and I thought what a change had been wrought in my heart since then.

My early childhood days came up before me, when night after night in a little Devonshire village, I, being the oldest of the family, used to sit up with my mother, whom I have *every reason to believe is now* with the angels. We used to sit around the fire on the hearth waiting for my father, whom we were sure would come in in drunk. He was always in a rage, and would

Smash the Furniture Up

and beat my mother and I, until we were all bruised, yet my mother would wait up for him, and I remember she would pray and teach me to pray for him, and she would sing, "There is a happy land, far, far away;" also, "The Jews, they crucified Him." I have never forgotten the voice that used to teach me these songs.

But all this didn't take place in a palace. No, no; it was in a hovel, with just a flicker[illegible] thing showed signs of poverty. The wintry winds came whistling in the chinks, and the snow beating down the chimney, and very little to eat, but still Jesus loved to be there, and I feel that there is many a home to-day in a similar state, and my heart and prayers go up to God for such.

My mother was

Taken Sick, and Died

while I was very young, caused by being abused by a drunken husband. I well remember the night she died. She called me to her bedside and asked me to give my heart to God and meet her in heaven. All [illegible] people of the love of Jesus.

After she was taken from our midst the family was broken up, and I was taken into the family of a clergyman and spent several years with them, moving from one place to another. They told me I must go to church, and Sunday school, and so on, but I never heard anything about being converted or born again, and so time went on smoothly, for I was seeing better days then and mingling with gay and high society.

But one day as I was reading a little book God spoke to me, and I had a longing desire to do good and to live for Jesus. I made good resolutions and used to carry a little testament with me, reading from it every chance I could get. I loved to read of the love of Jesus.

But the Life of Gaiety—

going out to parties and late dinners at the different manors and castles, kept the Spirit of God from striving with me.

So time went on, and I began to want to see some of the world. I gathered up my fare, which was hard to do, took French leave, and came to Canada in 1881. I landed here without a cent, and not being acquainted much with work, I hired with a farmer near Oshawa, and there fell into bad company, where I lost all my morality and went from bad to worse. Down the hill to destruction I went until I got opposed to everything that was good. I remember having to pay a big fine for breaking the Sabbath by pulling down an uninhabited house. That set me thinking, *but it was not long before I found myself* in

Behind the Prison Bars

charged with stealing, but I was found *not guilty*, and got off free with a warning. I skipped out of town; pretty lively then, and resolved to be better.

But drink, my father's besetting sin, was getting hold of me, and dragging me down to misery and poverty. About this time I received a letter from home, saying the Salvation Army had come to the village, and I thought "What a pity!" I wondered if they would destroy the beautiful church and tower (for I thought they would fight with powder and ball) that stood there, and I heard no more about the Army folks for some time after that, when one evening I came out of the bar-room and walked down street. I saw a crowd gathered there, and, going on with my comrades, *full of high glee, we came* up to the crowd. In the centre of the ring stood

Two Men in Blue Guernseys,

one with "Glory Tom" written across the breast, and someone said it was the Salvation Army. I thought they would know something about my home, but my attention just then was taken up with what they were singing, "My old companions, fare ye well, I will not go with you to hell." That night something took hold of me. The way they spoke, and what they said, fascinated me. Ever after, I could *not stay away from them, although I tried* to deceive my chums, and used to laugh at them, and carry on wildly, but I was under conviction, and I loved to hear them speak and sing.

One night, as I was in the bar-room, I heard the drum, and it drew me out to see them marching by, so I went up to the hall, and while there the Spirit of God took hold of me with a good grip. Although I did not yield that night, I went several times, and

Ventured Nearer the Front

every time. At last I could hold out no longer, and I rose from my seat, and instantly, as soon as I was willing, the burden of my heart rolled away. Oh, hallelujah! Then I remembered the promise I had made to my mother on her dying bed.

Just about this time I moved again to the West of Ontario, where the Army was not known much of, so I started on the *Christian war-path with the Methodist* people. God bless them. I went along for some years in a luke-warm state, then I took a ramble with my sister to Manitoba, and the first evening I was there I heard a drum. Presently I heard some voices singing, "Oh, 'tis sunshine," and I thought it was the *Army. A thrill of joy went* through me, because

I Loved the Bridge that Carried Me Over.

I had the same drawings which drew me to the meetings in the first place, so I went to the S. A. meetings, and my sister went to the Methodist.

One Sunday I came in to the meetings from the country, to which I used to walk twelve miles every Sunday, but glory to Jesus, He used to pay me well. I became a soldier then, and started to get others to come *with me, because by this time I had* the Blessing of a Clean Heart. Then my sister came for Santification. She became a soldier, and is now fighting for God in the ranks of the Army. And now here was I, standing alone for Jesus, on the street before mentioned, full of love for the *precious, dying souls before* me.

God blesses me abundantly, in such a manner as never before, and I prove Him daily to be a God true to His promises. He has given me a Clean Heart, and keeps me living beneath His smile, without sin. Glory to God for such an experience, which all may have. Through unbelief, many are travelling the downward road to hell. Reader, if you are not ready to meet your God, get ready, for He's coming back again to judge the high and the low, according to the lives they live. Capt. WESTACOTT.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

LOOK OUT FOR PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT

September Meetings.

The Dates are SEPTEMBER 12th to 17th, inclusive.

Among the other Wonderful Events will be

A Great Trades' Union March. Wonderful Singing Battle. Big Drum-Parade. Holiness Conventions. Staff and Field Officers' Councils, and an All Night of Prayer.

NOTICE!

All communications respecting the Rescue Work, etc., must be addressed COMMISSIONER REES, Salvation Temple, Toronto, and not Rescue Home Wilton Ave., as previously.

NOTICE.

A Holiness Meeting is held every Thursday afternoon at 8 p.m. in No. I. and No. II. Barracks, St. Johns, Nfld., alternately.

NOTICE.

All Cheques and Post-Office Orders must in the future be made payable to D. M. REES.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following [illegible] to the Social Wing.

FOR THE LONDON RESCUE HOME.—Mrs. Hannah, 25c.; Friends, 91c.; Mr. Charles, $1; Friend, 50c.; Mrs. C[illegible], 25c., Bro. Riley, 25c.; Mrs. McCormick, [illegible] Friends, potatoes, turnips, beets, and basket of apples; Mrs. Bundy, 12 quarts raspberries; Mrs. Cottam, meat and [illegible] Jarvis and friend, apples; Thos. Crossley, basket of vegetables; Mrs. Cook, preserves; Bro. Ackford, carrots; Mr. Yeo, milk; Mr. Cannom, pair of chickens; Mrs. Kakeen, starch, eggs and milk for babies; Mr. Shuff, bacon; Bro. Markham, milk; Mr. Mitchell, drugs; Mrs. Syers, clothing; Bro. Andrews, brushes.

FOR THE ST. JOHN RESCUE HOME.—A. Stoerger, 50c.; Mr. Lashey, 50c.; Mr. Allard, 50c.; Mr. Whelpley, 25c.; Mrs. Francis, 20c.; Mrs. Johnston, 20c.; Mrs. I. Bullick, $1; Mrs. John Bullick, window curtains, parcel of clothing; Sergeant Scribner, [illegible] Mrs. Hann, bread and cakes; Mrs. Merell, bread and biscuit; Mrs. Currie, bread, flower vases; Mrs. Slader, straw[illegible] sugar; Mrs. B[illegible], clothing; Mrs. Peacy, sugar, Miss Lottie, strawberries and biscuit.

FOR THE TORONTO RESCUE HOME.—Cash—R. H.G., $1.50; A.B., $1; A Friend, [illegible] A Friend, 50c. Food—St. Patrick's Market, meat; Mr. Dancy, meat; Mr. Norris, meat; St. Lawrence market, meat; Messrs. Lloyd and Webb, cakes, etc.

FOR THE RESCUE WORK.—A. Andrews, Lambeth, $1.75; Capt. Smith, Sarnia, $1.38; N. Swigg, Sherbrooke, $3; Emma Rose, $1; R.H., City, $12; Collected, per Cadet House, $10.

FOR SOCIAL REFORM.—Kate E. Brown, Winchester, 50c.; Nettie Moore, Halifax, 25c.

FOR THE PRISON GATE HOME.—Lucy Covey, Halifax, $2.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.—E. Robinson, Brooklin, 50c.

Miss N. Laing collected $26.14.

FOR THE VICTORIA, B.C. RESCUE HOME—*Emma*, $5; Mr. R. Clark, $1; Bro. Miles, $1; Bro. ——, $1; Victoria Corps, per Capt. McIntyre, $10; Father Gray, meat and currants; Mrs. Stevens, bread; Mrs. C., butter; Bro. Ward, cherries; Mr. Pendray, box of soap.

No. 1 MUSKETEERS,

Under Staff-Capt. Griffiths, will visit:

OTTAWA	Aug. 15, 16
MAXVILLE	" 17
CHESTERVILLE	" 18
WINCHESTER	" 19
KEMPTVILLE	" 20
PERTH	" 21
CARLETON PLACE	" 22, 23
ALMONTE	" 24
RENFREW	" 25
PEMBROKE	" 26
BEACHBURG	" 27
COBDEN	" 28
TWEED	" 29, 30
MADOC	" 31
STIRLING	Sept. 1
CAMPBELLFORD	" 2, 3
NORWOOD	" 4
PETERBORO	" 5, 6
OMEMEE	" 7
LINDSAY	" 8
UXBRIDGE	" 9
MARKHAM	" 10

THE WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

GREAT - CAMP - MEETINGS

WILL BE HELD AT:—

GUELPH	Aug. 15 to Aug. 24
INGERSOLL	" 29 to Sept. 7

These Meetings will be led by

Brigadier and Mrs. Spooner, D.D. Sharp, [illegible]

Refreshments on the Grounds. Brass Band at Each Place.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, [illegible] Printed [illegible] publications, at the S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert St., Toronto.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the World, [illegible] and the more abundant efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Printed, with all S. A. publications, at the S. A. PRINTING HOUSE, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

Rev. WM. BOOTH, General. D. M. REES, Commissioner.

The All Round the World War Cry

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

REGISTERED JUNE 1885

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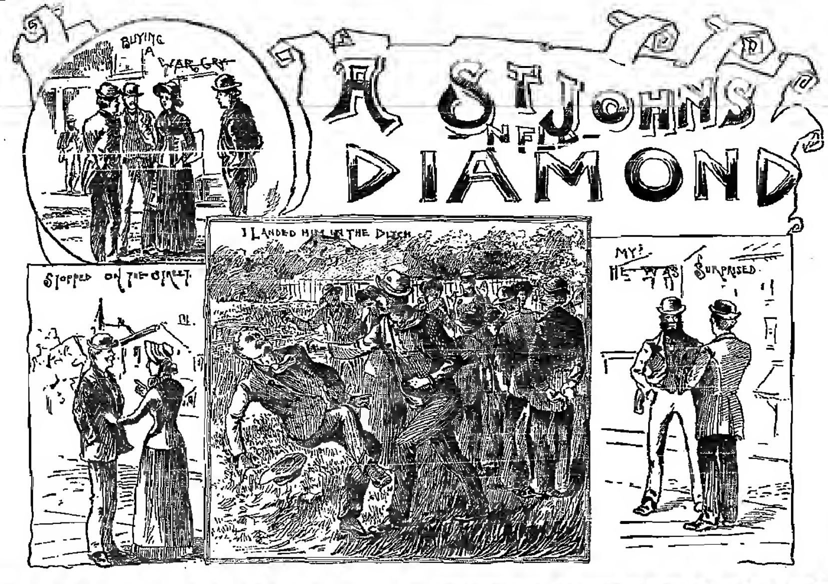


Hearing that Brother Hunt was sick I called in to see how he was. Very weak indeed in body and suffering considerably, but strong in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and it did my soul good to hear him talk of the wondrous things that Jesus hath done for him.

"There wasn't a worse man on the island than I was. I didn't care for anything or anybody. The first I seen of the Army was up on the *barrens, having a* meeting in the field. There were two or three women and a man. The crowd began pelting them with mud and sods. The man, Staff-Captain Young, used to put out his hand

AND STOP THE MUD BALLS

as they whizzed and *hit with a spot*, but the women used to get struck fearfully with great big dirty sods. Whoever they were, or whatever they were it wasn't right to treat women that way, and I [illegible] fellow throw one. I up, drive, and let him have it, and landed him in the ditch, and that was the signal for a free fight for everybody, and off came coats in all directions, and white shirt-sleeves were flying in the air all round. During the row, the Salvationists

ESCAPED TO A HOUSE,

but *they were soon followed*, and the mob smashed in the windows, and it took a squad of police to get the officers to their quarters.

A day or two after, I and some more of my likes were in one of the coves off Water Street, having a "jack-pot and tar-pole" to raise the beer, and were just going across the street to the beer-shop, when—"Ha! boys, here comes one of them Salvation girls selling papers; let's have a joke with her."

"Buy a WAR CRY?"

"WAR CRY! What's that?"

"The Salvation Army paper."

After some joking, I said, "I suppose I'd better give you the money than the beer-shop," handing her a threepenny piece. She handed me the CRY and looked me straight in the eyes, and said "God bless you.

NO DRUNKARD CAN ENTER

the Kingdom *of Heaven.*" My! that fairly knocked me down. That was new talk to me. She handed me the change, but I told her to keep it.

Several days after, I met the same one, near Stewart's, and she stopped me and asked me why I didn't come to the meetings. I didn't know as they had meetings, nor where they were held. She told me, in a cottage. So I kind of promised I would go, after giving her some joking answers, for I was afraid to talk honest with her, [illegible] she said to me before. She didn't seem to make much out of me, but I couldn't help thinking of how she talked to me. I never *heard anything* like it before, and why did she talk to such a character as me?

"A night or two after, a chum and I [illegible] way to where they were holding meetings, and when we went in she saw us, and shouted out,

'THANK GOD, PRAYER IS ANSWERED!'

My chum thought that was queer, and asked what it meant. Of course I knew. It was like a big thump to me.

"After the meeting closed, she came down to the door and talked to me, but I joked her as usual, and didn't seem to care at all, *what she said*, but I felt all she said. I went again, and I told her I would talk square with her, to which she said, 'Thank God,' which was another thrust at me.

"After some talk I said, 'Well, I can't be any worse than I am; it won't do me any harm if I do go out to the penitent-form. I can try it, and if I don't get it, why, I won't be any the worse. I will give it a try, so here goes,' and I went. A lot of people were soon praying around me, making a great noise. I prayed, but I got no relief, felt nothing, did the best I could, and I got up, and they asked me to testify. I said, 'Thank God for what He done for me,' but *I didn't say I was saved.* I was there the next night, and when they asked for some one who wanted to be saved to come out, out I goes,

DETERMINED TO HAVE SALVATION

if there was any for me, before I left that house, or die. I prayed in dead earnest. I seemed like as if a cloud was all around me.

"Some days before, I stole a revolver and a knife from a mate, and when I tried to believe that God saved me, the devil [illegible] seemed to feel or think I was saved, he came poking himself in front of me. Oh, how I sweated, and shook, and *trembled!* Oh, what a struggle! That revolver and knife that I stole to sell for whiskey, used to come up in my mind, and I couldn't get [illegible] out to get saved, I would have been clear of it, and I wouldn't have it to bother me now. Just the minute I said I would give it back and tell the man I had it, there seemed to be a star shoot through the darkness, that seemed

LIKE A BIG BANK OF FOG

around me, and it came right to me. I was soon on my feet, and said I was saved.

"A day or two after, I was in a doctor's office with the fellow I stole the revolver and knife from. We were talking about the Salvation Army, and I was telling him how I felt and how glad I felt when I got saved, when I thought of the revolver. I remembered what I promised, so I told him that *I had his revolver and knife. My!* he was surprised. I felt such a blessed feeling come over me, I could hardly manage myself. God blessed me so much."

* * *

"Oh, yes, it has not been all sunshine. There has been lots of fighting. I have had plenty. The road to heaven isn't all roses. Through all the dark, hard fight, God kept me [illegible] fighting I have had, only Jesus knows. Once, in a church, when the Minister asked for two brothers to lead in prayer, I burst out praying, and started, by saying, 'You are here, *you are here,' meaning* God was here, and after Ben had prayed—that's Uncle Ben at No. I.—the Minister got up and said from the pulpit, 'Don't you ever pray in here again like that.' He wanted me to say, 'Thou, O Lord our Father, art here.' Everybody thought sure that would make me backslide. It wasn't long after that before Ben left them.

BEN IS A RANTER

[illegible]

"I hurt myself by neglect down north at Twillingate, in the cold, in the fall, without my heavy clothes, and it took hold on me. I am very weak now, but feel I am gaining some. I am about blind, but, hallelujah! Jesus is everything—all I need. I can and do trust Him. Praise His name."

I read two psalms, and we got on our knees and sang:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.]

NARSHI GOPAL.

CHAPTER IV.

He Visits Canada and America.

When next heard of Narshi at Cardiff, the Welsh metropolis, and then at Cambridge, where many hundreds turned out to see them, and where Narshi, with his tom-tom, is described as "the observed of all observers." And then for awhile we again lost sight of him until he turned up on the other side of the Atlantic to push the claims of Gujarat upon the people of Canada and the United States of America.

Here his presence caused the same stir and excitement as it had done in England. Newspaper reporters interviewed him, many Christians were roused to do something more than they had yet done on behalf of foreign missions, and many thousands of unconverted Christians, so-called, listened to the simple, earnest testimony of the power of Jesus to save, from the lips of this converted "heathen," and were put to shame.

Of course, Narshi could not talk English, and all his speaking while in England and America was through an interpreter.

In January, 1887, Narshi bid adieu to England and returned again to his native country. Of course, he was a hero in the eyes of his people now. They crowded around him to hear and enquire about the many wonderful things which he had seen in Vileyat (England). Crowds of his comrades and countrymen flocked to the meetings to hear and see him again, and many and varied were the questions put to him, and breathless was the attention of the hearers as he related to them the wonderful work God was doing in England and America through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army and its soul-saving scenes was his world, and he appeared to have noticed and cared for little beyond. The sight of five thousand uniformed Salvationists marching through the City of London with bands and banners was far more to him than all the so-called wonderful sights of London put together. God's work was everything, and he related it in glowing terms, always finishing up with an earnest, loving appeal to his fellow-countrymen to turn from their sins and seek the only true and living Saviour, Jesus Christ. It was thus he exhorted his hearers, calling them to repentance, while God blessed and honored his efforts and many turned from sin.

Narshi's Baby Bride.

An event occurred soon after Narshi's return from England which we must not here pass by. When he was about ten years of age, like all other Hindoo children, he was married. The bride was a child some five years younger than Narshi, and lived with her parents in the village of Trenowll, about four miles away.

The custom is for the parents of the bridegroom to purchase the bride from her parents. The price varies among different castes from Rs. 200 upwards. The exact amount that Narshi's guardians paid for his bride we are not able here to say, as the arrangements are entirely with the parents, and the bride and bridegroom are never consulted in the matter, and have nothing whatever to do in the choice of each other.

The marriage ceremony, which is performed by the Brahman, is usually conducted amidst much revelling and feasting, and among some castes often much drunkenness. All the relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom assemble together to witness the nuptials. When everything is in readiness the Brahman makes a "vedi" (place for sacrifice), he digs a hole in the ground and makes a small fire of dried cow-dung.

The Brahman Ties the Knot.

The bride and bridegroom are placed before the fire while the Brahman chants some sacred verses called "mangal" (pleasant), he then pours ghee and incense on the fire and makes the bride and bridegroom each throw a small quantity of grain in the flames also; then taking the corner of the bride's saree and the corner of the bridegroom's chuddar he ties the two together in a knot and makes them walk round the fire seven times, the Brahman chanting all the while. Many Brahmans are often present and assist, but one is in charge who supervises and directs the ceremony throughout.

After making the newly-joined couple thus walk around the fire, the Brahman blesses them and the ceremony is over; although the bride and bridegroom are generally, after this, processioned through the streets amidst the beating of tom-toms, squeaking of native bag-pipes, and (if night-time) the blazing of torches.

It was thus, when still a child, that Narshi had been united to Sonah (gold), and now she had grown up into a young woman. Pleasant and attractive in appearance and simple and humble in character, she was easily led into the way of truth. Placed among Salvationists, who made it their work to direct and lead her simple, childish soul to Christ, she soon became a hopeful convert.

Narshi hesitated to unite himself at once to one who was such a babe in Christ, lest she should prove a hindrance instead of a helpmeet to him in his soul-saving work. On the other hand, he feared to cast her off, and, although according to the Hindoo religion and by English law she was his lawful wife, yet he would not live with her until they were again married according to the rules and regulations of the Salvation Army.

She has been his companion ever since, and has proved as good as her name. To Narshi she has been worth her weight in "gold" (sonah). Acting as his lieutenant, she is a sweet singer, and takes a prominent part in the meeting, God using them and making them a blessing wherever they go. As one has said, "They are both little in body, both humble in mind, and both very happy in soul." They succeed in their work, souls get saved, soldiers get sanctified, and fellow-officers get encouraged; and—mark this, O ye white men!—*they have succeeded where Europeans have failed!*

Narshi was Soon Promoted

to the rank of lieutenant, and about a year later he was promoted to the rank of captain. His first corps was Morrel, a little village in the Nadiad District. It was the rainy season, and the country was flooded at the time he went to take charge, and Narshi and his wife, with the big drum, had to wade their way to their first station, often above the waist in water.

When they arrived at their journey's end things did not look much more hopeful. The officers' quarters was a little house with three mud walls, while the fourth wall was composed of sticks and brushwood; besides this, numerous large holes through the rickety old roof gave free access to the scorching sun and drenching rain in turn. But this was not all. Narshi had not been there long ere he found out the house was a favorite resort of several deadly cobra snakes, who had made their home in or near its rough thatch wall.

His House Falls In.

One day a report reached Headquarters to the effect that the house had fallen in on top of Narshi. It proved to be true, and Narshi, who was buried among the ruins, was rescued by his soldiers, who dragged him out much bruised, but with no bones broken.

None of these things daunted Narshi, who went in for the salvation of the village just the same as if he had a beautiful barracks and a comfortable little house to live in, and ere long he had a nice little corps of about thirty blood-and-fire soldiers, and when orders came to farewell everyone seemed sorry, while the soldiers subscribed together, and made him a present of a new dhoti (loin cloth).

At each corps Narshi has succeeded, God has used him in reaching the hearts of the people, and his converts have been many.

The latest news received from Narshi's corps is the announcement of the appearance of another little Gopal in the shape of a baby boy, whom his father and mother are both anxious to bring up for the war, and who will probably one day play an important part in this great fight against sin and the devil.

EASTERN DRIFTWOOD

Gathered by the Soul-Saving Troupe.

After concluding our series of meetings at Carleton, and attending a very profitable Council at St. John, we then proceeded on to Rothsay for a few days rest.

* * *

What shall we say about the Home of Rest? Why, it is just the place, pleasantly situated, under grand management, etc., etc., and one can well sing, or if unable to sing, say these words over while there—

"*Here* is rest for the weary,
Here is rest for me."

Two weeks were spent in recuperating our health, at the termination of which, the Troupe, minus Ensign Fisher, boarded the Shore Line train and moved gradually on to St. George to work for a short time amongst the granite.

Our meetings while there were well attended; the officers and soldiers united with us in our efforts for the Salvation of the people.

We fought the fight and finished our course at St. George in the space of eleven days, and on the twelfth we mounted the war chariot, en route to LaTete. Had a pleasant drive, reached our destination safely, saved, and happy.

Our first meeting was held at Back Bay, about one mile distant from LaTete. The building being filled somewhat after the manner that sardines are packed in a box, many had to remain outside.

The object of our visit being souls, we went fully expecting, and, thank God, our expectations were realized. In our fourth meeting, God gave us three souls, volunteers, and evidently they got nicely saved.

We ascribe all the praise to God for having used us in the salvation of souls. During our meetings, ten persons knelt at the penitent-form and [illegible] sion, and many were [illegible] of conviction.

*

The time allotted for us to [illegible] Tete expired, and, by means of the chariot, we journeyed a distance [illegible] miles on the way to Chatham, [illegible] field for fight.

*

Should there be any drift-wood [illegible] around in that locality, we shall [illegible] on, if acceptable.

[illegible]

The Peterboro' Division.

Wonderful Manifestations of [illegible] er—Many Filled with the Spirit—[illegible] General Secretary on the War Path.

After the Commissioner's visit to [illegible] boro', D.O. had arranged a trip for [illegible] early on Tuesday morning I was on my way to Bobcaygeon. A lovely [illegible] boat soon brought me to this [illegible] place of rocks and alps. For a long [illegible] we have had no officers here, neither [illegible] we had any hall to hold our meetings. So, with a few of our faithful comrades and Capt. Junkin, who is home here [illegible] rest, I soon found myself in the [illegible] for a meeting. We had a good time, [illegible] crowd was very attentive and gave [illegible] dollar collection. Our comrades [illegible] fied. Capt. Junkin sang and spoke, [illegible] read to the people the Word. I afterwards met the comrades in a house and had a conversation with them. God [illegible] you, Bobcaygeon soldiers.

Fenelon Falls is next. I found [illegible] Woods full of faith for the Falls [illegible] are moving along nicely. The crowds [illegible] good, and who has not heard of the [illegible] band of warriors we have here? We [illegible] a good open-air, and also inside [illegible] but the night was very hot and the [illegible] not as large as it otherwise might [illegible] been on this night.

"If you will be down at the [illegible] five o'clock in the morning you can [illegible] lift on the boat." I was there, and [illegible] in the home of Capt. Brokenshire, [illegible] drove me on to Coboconk. The night [illegible] very wet, but we had a most [illegible] time. A nice crowd had gathered, [illegible] come very near. The comrades here [illegible] to be of the blood-and-fire stamp. [illegible] Stockton is in charge. Capt. Geddes [illegible] the lesson. The soldiers testified. Brokenshire and Junkin sang and [illegible] with the unsaved to seek Salvation. [illegible] Wismer also spoke, and at the close

Three Big Men Came to God

crying for mercy, and one after the [illegible] conquered and testified to having [illegible] Salvation. Still there were more [illegible] persuaded, but we had to leave [illegible] the hands of God, believing they will [illegible] soon.

Next comes Kinmount, where [illegible] Guddee leads the war. We had a very [illegible] open-air, also a good meeting in the [illegible] racks. Each soldier gave testimony, [illegible] as no one would yield, we had to [illegible] without hearing the cry for mercy. [illegible] will yet help you, Kinmount [illegible] you live low at the Cross.

I next go on to Uxbridge, and it [illegible] great pleasure to be with those [illegible] once more for a week-end. We had a [illegible] blessed time, and a good open-air, and [illegible] side meeting on Saturday night, and

Fifteen Turned Out

for knee-drill. But the Holiness [illegible] was the time. First one got the [illegible] then another. Some were jumping, [illegible] shouting, some laughing; and al[illegible] it surpassed all I ever saw. The free [illegible] odist minister was there sitting on [illegible] back seat, but got the fire and was [illegible] around the barracks with the rest [illegible] ing and jumping. Some were lying [illegible] the floor prostrate. The large crowd [illegible] had gathered was held by the power of God. Some were sobbing out in [illegible] seats, and

Three Volunteered

and made for the penitent-form, [illegible] the Blessing of a Clean Heart, and [illegible] groans and tears sought it, and at the [illegible] gave testimony to having received [illegible] Blessing. Truly it was a Holy Ghost [illegible] We were in the Park for the al[illegible] meeting, and, even though it was [illegible] cold, a nice crowd gathered. Some [illegible] comrades were still full of the glory, [illegible] we had a good time. At night at the [illegible] racks we had a good crowd, and [illegible] sealed the meeting with two precious [illegible] and a number more were on the point of coming out but put it off. One young [illegible] who came out had

A Terrible Struggle,

but got the victory. Capt. Barker [illegible] Lieut. Parsons have a good hold of the [illegible] God keep you full of the fire. [illegible] comrades, and many victories shall [illegible] yours.

I have been out six days and have visited five corps, seeing eighteen at the penitent-form—five seniors for Salvation and three for Holiness, and ten Juniors for Salvation. I go back to the office full of joy that my name is written in Heaven.

CAPT. JACK RAWLINS, [illegible]

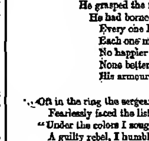
ARE THE COLORS SAFE?

BY E. A. [illegible]

ONLY the sound of an Army drum,
Down the dreary street, on the rough highway;
And children shouted, "They come, they come!"
As they hurried off from their games and play.
The colors were waving, blue and red,
The Blood-and-Fire gleamed overhead;
And underneath, with a steady tread,
Glad of the message of love they bore,
Passed the march of an Army corps.

Color-Sergeant was saved and bright,
He glanced around with ready smile,
He grasped the flag—a burden light—
He had borne the colors many a mile.
Every one knew his cheerful face,
Each one marked his steady pace,
No happier soldier was in the race,
None better saved, thank God, than he,
His armour bright, his sword-grasp free!

Oft in the ring the sergeant stood;
Fearlessly faced the listening crowd:
"Under the colors I sought the Blood—
A guilty rebel, I humbly bowed.
He saved my soul, He keeps me still,
I'm marching on to the heavenly hill:
Ask Him to save you,—I'm sure He will!"
And his ringing "Come!" was heard again,
While the listening soldiers cried, "Amen!"



How it happened I cannot say—
Sometimes it seems like an evil dream—
The march had formed, as it swept away,
There was a tumult, a moan, a scream!
Silent the strains of the Army band,
White-faced, the soldiers made a stand,
Under the wheels, with flag in hand,
Their brightest warrior stricken lay,
While the crimson life-blood ebbed away!

Only a form on a hospital bed,
Lying unconscious of fear or pain;
Sergeant was dying, the nurses said,
As they called his name, but spoke in vain.
Then prayer went up in a forceful plea
(You know how 'twould come from you or me),
"One word with him, Lord, ere he goes to Thee!"
And comrades came with lightest tread
And tenderly bent o'er the sufferer's bed.

God is so pitiful, always nigh,
To soothe and comfort, to cheer and bless;
He bends His ear to our lightest sigh,
And never fails in our deep distress.
On the darkened brain gleamed a sudden light,
He woke and he thought of the fatal night,
And asked, "Are the colors safe and right?"
Then, watching the faces that smiled and wept,
Over the boundary, sergeant stepped.

Promoted to glory. An angel waits,
Where the vanguard of His hosts is gone.
"Lift up your heads, ye golden gates!"
The colors are safe, the war goes on!
"Bound to the Cross and the colors," you know,
Is a soldier's cry as he meets the foe:
For God and souls we deal each blow,
Till the voice of the Lord, our Sun and Shield,
Calls us on high from the sanguined field.

Rescue Notes from London.

CAPT. ADDIE COWAN.

We always feel, in writing these notes, that the most suitable commencement would be the "Doxology," or "Te Deum," for every week there is so much cause to praise the Saviour for how He blesses and helps us.

One day last week, we were very much in need of cash to purchase some wood, etc., for the Home, and while we were praying after breakfast that He would, as usual, supply our needs, the postman came to the door and gave us a letter, in which was enclosed a five dollar bill, with the following note:—"Enclosed find five dollars for the benefit of your 'Home'—A Friend." God bless that Friend.

Amidst the various discouragements that come, there is much to cheer. One case that we had almost given up hope for. She had been such a slave to drink and vice, and seemed to feel that she was too bad for God to save. Lieutenant found her on the market under the influence of drink some time ago, after she had left the Home, and brought her to the meeting. She came out and gave herself to God. We took her home till next morning, and she went home to her friends. We knew nothing of her whereabouts until the other day, when she came to see us, but so changed that I could hardly realise that the neat, well-dressed girl, was really our poor wanderer, but so it was. She says God saved her that night, and she is in a situation and having victory over all old [illegible]. The hard look is dying off her face, and His peace is taking its place. The bread cast on the waters is found after many days.

I have just returned from a trip around part of the London Division, visiting Sarnia, Saturday and Sunday. We had some good meetings at Petrolia. God brought home a poor backslider. After he got right he said, pointing to his faithful wife who is a soldier, "Friends, no one but God knows what that woman has stood. I have tried in every way to drag her back, and if she had yielded, we should both have been lost together, but she was faithful, and her faithfulness has been the means of my coming back to God." The wife then spoke, and said, that during some very severe trials she had almost given in, but now she was so glad she had been true.

Our meetings at Watford, Wyoming, and Strathroy, were fairly good also. Praise God for the privilege of working together with Him.

The direct work of the Home is steadily progressing. Several of our dear girls have lately sought and found Salvation through the Deliverer, Who is Jesus. One Friend, whom one of the officers visited, has become a monthly subscriber, helps us with vegetables, bought some of our ready-made goods, and is helping to interest others also.

MARCHING ON TO WAR

IN THE

HALIFAX DIVISION.

BY THE D.O.

Old No. I. heads the march with about forty on Sunday and thirty week nights, while New Glasgow gets along with thirty-six and twenty two. Dartmouth also comes in with the first graders, with twenty-seven for Sunday and twenty for week nights, while Acadia Mines is hard on their heels. Sunday with twenty-five, and goes sweeping past them on a week night with thirty in the ranks.

* * *

That Soldiers' meeting at Dartmouth the other night was the best I have attended for many a day. God was there and spoke to many hearts. At the close two went in for a baptism of the Holy Ghost, and got it too. Father L—— said he had something he never had before, viz., the Holy Ghost. Mother B—— and some others danced, while some were disgusted.

* * *

North Sydney leads the second graders with 20 on Sunday and 18 week nights, while Liverpool comes next with about 19 for Sunday and the same through the week, while Windsor just gets into second grade by having 18 on Sunday and 15 during the week.

* * *

I put in last week-end at New Glasgow, and had a good time. The Saturday night meeting was a good one, but Sunday was better. We commenced with a good crowd at knee-drill, and one dear lad, whose temper had got the upper hand, came for cleansing, while two others sought deliverance from doubtful things in the Holiness meeting. We had a beautiful crowd in the afternoon open-air, and they helped us good with the drum-head collection. God bless them. We had a dear sister for Salvation at night, and a proper good dance at the close. Mrs. Kimble has been very sick, but is better now, and their little boy has since gone home. Pray for the bereaved ones.

* * *

Lunenburg leads off the third graders with 15 on Sunday and 11 through the week, and Westville comes along with 14 and 12, while Halifax II. just gets in the 12 both on Sunday and during the week. Now, No. II., you should at least head the third graders, or, I think, be in the second. What do you say? Well, keep believing.

* * *

We were reinforced at Westville on Monday night by Capts. Kimble, Knight, and Rafuse, with Lieut. Brown and Cadet Campbell. We had a nice little time together in the quarters in the afternoon, and God came and blessed us, but we had to close the night meeting without anyone saved. Capt. Wright sells all his WAR CRYS here, and I am believing for an increase in his order soon. Now, Captain, an increase of 10 and you are ahead of Acadia Mines.

* * *

The fourth graders are headed by Canning with 14 on Sunday, but they spoil their record with only 7 on week nights. Of course, the soldiers live in the country. Stellarton comes in here with 12 for Sunday, and as high as 10 for the week evenings, and Truro follows after with 10 and 8. Now, Truro, get ahead of Stellarton if you can, and see if you cannot bring down the Canning flag as well. That is, if they let you.

* * *

Capt. and Mrs. Wright and some of the soldiers came to lend us a hand at Stellarton on Tuesday night. We had as usual a very small crowd here. The best crowd was in the open-air. We enrolled another soldier here. This is the first for a long time. I think a good spiritual earthquake would not do our harm here. Lord send it soon. Capt. Rafuse is alone at present. Her Lieutenant is very sick. Pray for her.

* * *

Sydney comes at the head of the next grade. They have not many soldiers, but muster 9 for Sunday and 8 for a week night, while Halifax III., although having more soldiers, takes second place with 8 for both, and almost lets Waterville beat them with 8 and 7. Now, No. III., things like this ought not so to be.

* * *

Mrs. Collier and I gave Acadia Mines a night last week, and, of course, it is needless to say we had a good time, and the inevitable enrollment. I have enrolled soldiers here at every visit since the opening. This time we added seven more. We had a very enjoyable time, but there was no one came to God. Quite a number of the comrades are leaving here, and others are taking their places, so the Mines are not only turning out iron but good Salvation [illegible]ists.

* * *

We wind up the procession with Kentville coming in with 6, and Cow Bay with 4. These are both small corps, but have lots of room to grow. May the Lord increase the numbers.

* * *

That was rather a small crowd at No. II. the other night, but Mother Hett of the Garrison and the Cadets gave us quite a lift. The Cadets sang and talked. Mother read the Word, but we could not induce anyone to yield to God.

* * *

The best marches according to numbers on the Roll are Stellarton, Acadia Mines, Cow Bay, North Sydney, Waterville, New Glasgow, Truro, Halifax I., Westville, Lunenburg, Liverpool, Halifax II., III., and Windsor. More next time.

AROUND ST. JOHN CITY.

BY THE SAVED SCRIBE.

Who has not heard of St. John? Our comrades up in Ontario and Quebec look upon it as being away down East, where the milk and honey flows. Well, no doubt it is a wonderful country down here. St. John is the Toronto of the East, at least so in S. A. circles. Here you will find the Brigade Headquarters for the whole of the Maritime Provinces, including Newfoundland Divisional Headquarters, the Training Garrison, Rescue Home, etc. The Officer-in-Chief for the Brigade is Brig. Jacobs; Divisional Officer, Staff-Captain Coucins; Training Home Officer, Ensign Matthews; Rescue Home Officer (pro tem), Mrs. Ensign Rogers. (By the way, the two last-mentioned officers are anxiously awaiting that present of yours, kind reader.) There is also, in connection with the Brigade Headquarters, a Home of Rest, just outside the city, and there are—last but by no means the least—six corps, including Carleton and Fairville, which are only just barely outside of the city corporation. These corps represent hundreds of Salvation soldiers, who are on the increase.

No. V. barracks has just had a thorough renovating, and now it looks like a new place. Ensign Matthews and her cadets, as well as the soldiers, have been working like busy bees, and things were got into a proper shape for the big meeting to be held. No. III. had orders to unite. The march was good, and the meeting inside immense. What a crowd of happy soldiers filled the platform to overflowing! Hundreds came to the meeting. Songs, solos, and duets were the order of the meeting. Capt. Byers led the testimony meeting, and things did boil, and my eyes they beheld two of the gentler sex having a hop at the back of the platform. Stirring appeals were made to the unsaved. The Staff enrolled four recruits beneath the colors.

* * *

At No. I, the old Bowling Alley, found us Saturday night, and Sunday all day floods of power and glory came streaming down through the old hall. The strains of music and songs of joy and gladness pealed forth, and two sinners were seen in the fountain.

* * *

Carleton was favored with the officers and soldiers from Fairville, as well as the D.O. and Scribe, where quite a crowd came to hear and see for themselves. (Wanted—people that will come to see and hear for themselves.) Carleton is by no means the least in the Kingdom.

* * *

We were at No. III, the following night. Ensign Matthews, with cadets and soldiers from No. V., were there. The meeting was a repetition of the meeting at No. V. The barracks was packed, the platform was packed. There was music, singing, joy and delight. Nine were enrolled, and two fell in the fountain. Over eighty souls have been saved here during the last four months. Great things are in store for St. John yet. God is with us. We shall win. Hallelujah!

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

We are continually showing the evil effects resulting from the use of pernicious literature by the youth of this country. Recently we read in the public press the records of a forgery committed in Montreal by a boy in whose home a large quantity of dime novel trash was found. Still later we find a boy shooting his school-fellow with a revolver in the streets of Toronto as they were returning from school at dinner hour. It is rumored that in Lindsay also two school boys have been badly wounded by shots from revolvers which they were handling. Firearms are the right sort of equipment for "boy detective," juvenile "Jesse James," or youthful "Buffalo Bill," and so long as such dangerous weapons are allowed in the possession of inexperienced and incautious youth, just so long will this preventable mischief occur. But that is not all. We find that teachers—in the city schools especially, are so harassed by the insubordination and impertinence of these youthful bravados that they are compelled to resort to drastic measures to reduce the boys to subjection; and because the punishment is considered severe by the over-indulgent, unwise parents, the teachers have to account to their respective Boards, or to the magistrate, for their efforts to correct the evil created by foolish leniency at home, or lack of proper supervision. The importation of filthy books is prohibited by law, and it is time legislation stepped in to put an end to the introduction into the country of a class of literature just as bad, if not worse; the reading of the former creates disgust and is seldom continued, but the latter has a tendency to arouse an insatiate mental thirst for morbid excitement, which frequently upsets the reason of those who read it. We think that the question, "What means should be taken to suppress the circulation of pernicious literature among our youth?" might form an interesting and advantageous topic at the ensuing Teachers' Conventions.—*Canadian School Journal.*

WE WONDER, TOO.

There are various ways of helping the Army, but the following is the funniest I have heard of up to date. A hallelujah lassie, in the course of business, came across a lady of the "upper ten," whom she was bold enough to ask to buy a CRY. "Oh, no!" was the reply: "I couldn't do that, you know. I sympathize with your Army, and like to help them, but really I couldn't buy a WAR CRY." "Well, perhaps you will take a ticket for our tea, that's coming off soon?" "Oh! no, it would be no use for me to do that, it would be only wasted, you know, so I really couldn't come to the tea. I do like to help you, but it would be no use me buying a ticket if I didn't come, would it?" "No; but I have a collecting card here; perhaps you could give me a little donation to help on the work." "I'd like to help, you know, for I believe in the Army, but I can't do that." And that unsophisticated, innocent hallelujah lass is wondering yet how the dear lady is going to help.

The General's Farewell.

[The following is the farewell speech of the General, given in Exeter Hall at his farewell meeting, previous to his departure for South Africa, and also the farewell on the sea at Southampton. It will be interesting to our Canadian readers.]

It was not to be wondered at that the General's rising was regarded with special interest and unusual expectancy—so much so that the burst of acclamation was for a moment suspended, as if all wanted to take a good long look at the face of the leader who for many months they would not see.

Something of the same feelings evidently agitated the General's breast, whose voice emotion rendered for a while a little tremulous.

"My dear comrades and my dear friends," he said, "I need not say that I rise to address you to-night under the influence of very peculiar feelings. I cannot contemplate what lies immediately before me without considerable concern, and, but for the faith I have in Him Whose I am and Whom I have, through many past long years, endeavoured to serve, I certainly should go forth on this journey with a considerable amount of trepidation—I might say, of fear. But with the consciousness that I am in His Hands; the memory of the many deliverances He has wrought for me; nay, not being able to call up any single occasion in which He has deserted me when I have put my trust in Him, I go from this meeting with a good and a strong heart, expecting a great blessing to the Army and to be made the means of extending His Kingdom and bringing glory to His name."

In the rare, spicy address which followed, we had a remarkable proof of the unparalleled growth and scope of Army operations, namely, that it took the General

One Hour and Fifty Minutes

to compass their range in a flying-visit fashion, and point out the proposed extensions and additions. In a better and terser way than we could put it here, the General's letter in our last issue touches many of the subjects dealt with on Monday evening, and this letter we would ask our readers to again carefully peruse. Those who don't read the "Cry," we quote the General and say, "You have no one to pity you in your ignorance!"

Naturally the General soon came to what he wanted his own people to do in his absence, at the same time asking no more from them than he required from himself—a full consecration to the interests of Christ and humanity. First and foremost, he wanted the pushing forward of our spiritual work, to which he attached the highest importance. "I say to you Salvationists, go on with your mission, preaching salvation to a dying world, and mind you don't *stop short of getting men converted*, getting them saved not only from hell but from sin. Then make them into *soldiers*; inspire them with the spirit of Jesus Christ. The same spirit of self-sacrifice that He had must dwell in our hearts, otherwise the Salvation Army will soon die out. And better so, for I have always contended that dead things had much better be buried!"

Yearningly the General spoke of the backsliders—a sadly numerous class. He wanted to see a period set apart specially to deal with them. He was afraid there was too much firing from the platform and not enough personal dealing. If in military operations we acted upon the same tactics as Christians do in their warfare; if they simply planted cannon on the distant hills, fired away, and then went off to attend to their business, their pleasures, or worldly occupations, there would be very few victories to record. Pour the red-hot truth of God out upon the ungodly from the platform, but if that didn't suffice,

Charge Down on Them

in their seats, follow them up in every possible way, and give them no rest till they fell at the feet of Jesus, submitted themselves to the sovereign Jehovah, and became His soldiers and servants.

The General was in dead earnest about the Juniors, for whom, as a people, we had not done much. His opinion was that if it were not for the children the churches round about us would die out. Their membership was drafted from the Sunday-schools. The Salvation Army had had none of this advantage, for almost all the men and women on our rolls, we had had to drag out of the tap-room, to pull them in by the hair of their heads. While much had been done by the Army for the children when compared with other efforts, still the results had been comparatively a failure, and we had started to try another plan. "You soldiers representing the London and suburban corps, I lay it upon your consciences to take up these new measures and methods for the getting of the children out of the gutters and the slums to Jesus Christ. You have not merely to teach them the history of the Bible, a theory respecting a church, but to deal with them exactly on the same lines you deal with the adults—to make them saved, and good and true. Then put uniform on them, march them into the streets, and set them to try to save their school-fellows. Some of our soldiers say, 'What is there for us to do? Our Captain does half the talking, and what he doesn't, four or five old fogies always do!'—(Laughter.) You can have

A Chance with the Children!

Bring your abilities, your grace, your enthusiasm, your love, and let them out over these poor, dark, neglected little ones, who are going down to hell as surely as they are getting ready for another crop of harlots, thieves, criminals, and drunkards! Where else is the agency that stands up and says, 'We must convert and sanctify the children?' The Bible is hardly tolerated nowadays. If you steal a child from the devil it is looked upon as a sort of proselytizing! Come along, you Salvationists, take them out of the streets, put your arms round about them, and strive to get them saved! The Junior Soldiers' War to the front while the General is away!"

Leaving the immediate province of Army operations, the General made a little discursion. For some time the subject had lain heavily on his heart to do something in the matter of

The Drink Question.

(Loud applause and volleys.) He did think the time had come when the Salvation Army should make a more decisive effort to stay the progress of this dreadful monster; that, indeed, all the men and women, who had any *heart* in them, should rise up as never before and say, "This thing shall not be!" All honor to those who had been toiling so long. God keep their hearts strong; but he thought it was time the Army came up as a sort of Blucher and lent them a hand. The General was nothing if not practical; therefore, he proposed to have a Drink Week—(laughter and volley)—a week when special effort should be made in every possible direction to advance the cause of temperance, and the down-fall of the drink.

Eastbourne!

As the General said, he must touch on the unfortunate dispute raging at Eastbourne. To no one had it caused greater regret than to himself, and when the question first came up he said, "Cannot we do something to prevent a collision?" But things had assumed serious proportions, and were likely to do so to a still greater extent. Our right to march and play in the open thoroughfares of this country had been established by the Lord Chief Justice, and just been upheld by the Court of Queen's Bench, in Ireland. Government had repealed the Torquay clause (similar to the Eastbourne one). Yet, for doing what the common law of England gave them liberty to do, twelve Salvationists were in prison at the present time—(Loud *cries of "Shame!")—one of them a delicate* woman and a mother of children; another, a dear blind man who had a heart of love and the spirit of a saint. ("Shame!" from all parts of the hall). If, in the administration of the law, the magistrates of Eastbourne would show some fairness, the matter would be considerably simplified. ("Yes.") God bless the Camberwell band! He believed their arrest on Sunday morning was illegal. The dear fellows were kept there all the blessed Sabbath Day, and, but for a good Samaritan—a clergyman—would have fared badly for food ("God bless him!")

The General would like to know that clergyman's name! In the court that day, such a scene had been witnessed as he supposed had not occurred since the day of Judge Jeffries. What were we coming to? Were we going to have the Star Chamber over again? When these nine men were brought before the court they stood ready to take their trial and endure the penalty like men—like Salvationists. (Tremendous applause). Although they might appear to be opposed to law in semblance, Salvationists were not law-breakers, and it was probable that before long the authorities of this and other countries would find that we were their real true friends, for if he was not mistaken, there was a time coming on when they would be very glad to accept our assistance. To the surprise of everyone present, when our counsel applied for an adjournment, the Mayor left the Bench on which he was sitting, came into the court, and railed against the Salvation Army, its officers and the whole organization. (Universal outburst of strong disapproval.)

Funds!

One of the charges brought against the General and the Army was that the Social Scheme was likely to interfere with the funds for the spiritual work—a man must be short-sighted who couldn't see that!

"I foresaw," said the General, "we should get behind, but I also foresaw what generous people I had round about me!" (Much laughter and volleying.)

We were something like £10,000 behind. Already a kind friend in that hall had given him £500 towards that sum, and another £500 came in that afternoon. (Volley.) There were several more five hundreds on the platform. (Laughter.)

This brought him to the question of Self-Denial Week, which would take place during his absence. Last year the result was £10,000 ahead of the previous one, and he expected them to go £10,000 ahead this year.

Then there was the International Temple and Headquarters—a felt want for a good many years. During the last week £10,000 per annum had been offered for a good site, and in round figures the pile of buildings might be estimated to cost £200,000. The General jocularly observed that he should be very happy if they managed to raise that sum before he came back! (Laughter.)

How to Get It.

Supposing we had £60,000 to commence with, there was £20,000 given us some time back, which made £80,000. Taking £30,000 off next year's self-denial, that would leave £50,000; then the International Temple Self-Denial Week might be taken to produce at least another £50,000, making £100,000. Some time back, a number of friends were tested, and promised £10,000. The General wanted seven generous persons who would make up £30,000 between them; five, he thought, he was already sure of, and he was believing for the other two! (Laughter.) The rest, he thought, might be raised without much difficulty. (Laughter and volley.)

Social Expansion.

The General gave us a truly wonderful programme for Social Wing effort and expansion. That 2,000 people sleep in our Shelters every night, and that the Elevators have already sent one hundred and fifty to work on the farm, speaks well for past accomplishments. For the future, the General has set his heart on a great increase in Rescue operations—something on a scale that has never been attempted before in the history of the world, and in harmony with the idea he had that in every city, town, and village there should be a social arrangement whereby both fathers and mothers and their wandering, erring children should be helped and brought together again. A laundry is to be started, and a preventive home for fallen girls is being planned.

A Boys' Elevator, where boys shall be taken hold of, and apprenticed to a trade until they reach the age of eighteen or twenty, and a Sailors' Home are proposed.

A grand "cheer" rang through the hall when the General talked of

Sweeping the Streets

—not of dust, but of men and women and children who use them for sleeping purposes. Let the Government and police assist him; let them lend us their buildings, and we would take in these poor creatures for a penny or twopence a night, find them work to raise the admission fee, and shine on them with Salvation love.

The Farm Colony proceeds apace. A large tract of land is now under cultivation, 200 men being employed. In connection with this work a special jetty or landing stage is being constructed, with a tramway, as well as sheds and workshops. Before the end of 1892 it is expected that work will be found on the farm for 2,000 persons. A good deal is to be done in making bricks, tiles, and all kinds of terra-cotta goods. Dust-collecting is to be another department, and 100,000 loads will be sent every year, partly for the purposes of manure. A new concoction to be tried instead of coffee has likewise been invented, which the Army will sell, and before long the General hoped to be doing something with a non-intoxicating beverage as a substitute for beer. (Laughter and applause.)

There was a great deal more we were trying to do, but the General thought this a pretty stiff programme.

Finally, he appealed to all whether they didn't think we ought all to combine to make a stronger, more desperate attack upon the powers of darkness than had been made heretofore. He had not a desire that a single soldier of the Cross should leave his own organization; but under their own flag, and ... fight the battle out. (Volleys.)

The Chief of the Staff then ... all those present who were ... so, to stand to their feet and ... clare before God and the ... determination to carry on the ... increased vigor and to fulfil the ... guine hopes of the Army leader ... absence. The crowded hall ... sented a most animated appearance ... and all complied with the Chief's ... tion, and responded to the "I will" ... deep fervor and earnestness. ... this determined "I will!" ... as the Chief asked, for God ... General, and once that the ... hear it!

No Right to Send ... Prison.

Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P., ... warmly welcomed to ... glad the General was going ... he was on board, they could ... graph nor send for him, and ... have a chance of recruiting his ... energies. (Much laughter.) ... Eastbourne was concerned, ... going down—(Loud applause)— ... call upon our friends in the ... parlor" there. In order that there ... be no mistake, he should take a ... of paper, signed by the Home Secretary ... and if any Mayor or Justice of the ... said he had no business there, he ... answer, "My dear fellow, a ... than you wrote this!" (Laughter) ... was very much surprised to hear ... had heard to-night. Though the ... folks declared they liked to go to ... such a cause, Mr. Atkinson ... authorities had no right to send ... there! (Applause throughout the ... ing.)

THE "FAREWELL" AT ...

A UNIQUE SPECTACLE—SKY, ... WATER COMBINED TO GIVE THE ... ERAL AN UNEQUALLED SEND-OFF ... SOUTHAMPTON TURNS OUT TO ... SEE HIM—HE HAS A WORD ... FOR ALL.

Amidst Broadsides of Cheers From ... of Steamers, and the Booming of ... "Scot" Bears the Army's ... Africa-wards—He Waves ... to the Last.

The last day of the farewell ... but four hours old when the "Cry" ... roused from his slumbers, and, ... alacrity born of experience, ... led out." Shortly afterwards ... crossing London from west to ... got to London Bridge Station ... minute or two to the good. ... early Salvation birds, from all ... the metropolis, were chirping ... ing from and around a most ... train. Instead of two trains, one ... the command of Commissioner ... and the other that of Commissioner ... ton, there was a combined affair, ... sioner Carleton's knee, to the ... having kept him out of this ... ward-to event. It may comfort ... know that he was not forgotten ... Trade contingent, who found ... in the hope that his enforced rest ... the sooner restore him to the front.

Commissioner Howard's face ... the sun—all smiles; and a start ... fected for Portsmouth under ... able conditions. The "freight" ... included the Home Office and Trade ... quarters' Bands. "Cry" artists, ... number of Social Wingers, these ... notable because they were, most ... men who, but a year or two ... "submerged," but, out of their ... General's Scheme, were anxious to ... last look, and raise a last cheer ... honor.

Later in the morning, other ... similarly loaded, left Waterloo for ... ampton direct. The guard and ... driver on one of these, if the "Cry" ... memory serves him, were Salvationists ... who had requested and been ... permission to take this little part ... dear General's" farewell.

But the "Cry" man, if he deserted ... to his own party, will find himself

"At Sea"

in another sense than what he ... hours later, when the train having ... gorged its Salvation contents, no time ... lost in boarding the "Duchess of ... boro'" and the "Heather Bell" ... most of the early birds employed ... minutes in assuaging their "peckish" ... but time in that case, most certainly ... not lost. Aboard the "Heather Bell" ... man met such comrades-in-arms ... Pople and Sergt.-Major Headley ... different than Eastbourne conditions ... their trip on the briny strengthened ... physically, as, doubtless, the wound ... their General did in other ways ... fighting before them.

The run to Southampton, particularly ... the Londoners, was more than delightful ... —it was full of an inspiration by ... both lungs and spirits benefited. ... Sol had given battle to and defeated ... ominous cloud-patches, and new ... joy laughed in our faces; white-winged ...

...ls sailed in our wake, and several ... gamboled in hide-and-seek lashing ... round the vessel. A splendid breeze ... cheeks and sharpened appetites, ... when everybody found that nobody ... to pay undue attention to naturalizing ... about the fish over the sides, a brisk ... fight was made on available provisions ... At intervals, the Trade Headquarters' band charmed the ears and ... the hearts of the "Heather Bell" ... passengers, and in this fashion, after passing ... glimpses of forts and lightships, Ryde, ... Cowes, etc., we steamed up ... a lane of white-winged yachts, to ... Southampton Pier, just preceded by the ... Duchess of Edinboro'."

... our numbers were

...eased to Noble Proportions

...tingents who had come by train or from the Portsmouth, Brighton, ... ampton and Bristol Divisions. Mus... on the spaces adjoining the Queen's ... and the Quay. Mr. Herbert Booth ... mounted staff formed up a four-deep ... sion, which awaited the General's ... with eager expectation. Southampton's working population were ... too, and from the procession to the ... crowded in thousands. "He's ... was welcome information, and the ... Office Band at once led off at the ... of the march, which must have contained an array of at least four thousand ... tionists.

...side the spacious South-Western ... private entrance, two open carriages ... the General and members of his ... The Army's "Grand Old Man" ... seen by the "Cry" man speaking ... Eva Booth just inside the hall, and ... he thought, a little sad; but his ... his usual, fatherly, benevolent ... when he came forth amidst the ... of the multitude who were waiting ... a glimpse of him, and entered the ... The Chief of the Staff and Miss ... and Miss Lucy Booth took their ... beside him. Behind the carriage ... the Household Troops' Band, and the ... vehicle, with Commissioner Booth-... Mrs. Herbert Booth, Mrs. Onslow, ... This portion was the centre ... of the procession.

...g a comparison with Eastbourne's ... week demonstration, the contrast was very striking. The procession ... similar—only twice as big—in ... music and flashing sunshine and ... pennants and Salvation enthusiasm. The crowd-lined streets, and doors, ... windows were there—only on a much ... scale. But the vital difference was ... general attitude of poor and rich, ... and smooth alike. Hotel and inn ... with other in paying respect to our ... and organization, in some cases waving ... handkerchiefs with real vigor, while a ... right hard, unkind word did not ... within the hearing of the "Cry" man ... whole day. The Southampton police ... their part A1. God bless them!

"I Must See 'em!"

A poor, bare-armed, bare-headed, ... inebriated woman pushed her way ... front. "I have never seen the old ... one railway worker on the fringe of ... explained to a mate. "Nor have ... I know 'im by his photograph," said ... While shops and business houses ... well-to-do folks did their part to ... the march a triumphant one, it was ... poorer districts that the greatest ... siasm was displayed. Here even the ... street urchins raised their shrill ... and, more touching still, the ... of some charitable institution put ... other cheer. Large numbers of the ... tors had never set eyes on the General before, and the keen interest and eager ... of these, together with the vigor ... which they used their index hands, ... amusing side. The "Observer" ... comps. were on the roof, and gave a ... greeting.

...ord Street, Bridge Street, High ... Above Bar Street, New Road, St. ... Street, Marsh Lane, and Terminus ... were paraded in this way, the ... Gates being reached soon after three ... All the way, the General, much ... concern of sympathetic on-lookers, ... his hat off, heedless of the sun's ... rays, continually standing up ... waving responses to the numerous ... flags which strewed the route. Miss ... also frequently stood up and waved ... handkerchief. To the Dock admission ... ticket, and the General's carriage ... in through a "cloud" of cheering. ... poor old fellow turned away, rubbing ... hands in jubilation, and the "Cry" ... heard him exclaiming, "What an ... I've shaken hands with the General" ... Another honest-looking working ... asked if he were saved, said, "No; ... shall join 'ee one of those days!"

...ile the procession filed into the shed, ... General's carriage was drawn up to ... side, and while waiting here, several ... people sought the chance of shaking ... hand and wishing him God-speed. ... those was a French gentleman, ... with evident emotion, in English, "Let me shake hands with

...Greatest Philanthropist of the Age!"

...se! the General, a warm "Bon voyage!" Just before this, Commissioner Booth-Tucker had affectionately kissed him good-bye.

When soldiers and officers had gained the great wharf—a vast, dimly-lighted place—The General and members of his family dismounted and proceeded thither also, passing up a rough, desk-like affair in a central position. Upon this The General took his stand to say just a few words of farewell. Before he began, however,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"

was started, and the great, heated, smiling, yet inclined-to-cry throng of soldiers and friends took it up and sent it soaring heavenwards with earnest fervor. Then The General said:—

"Time and my own strength will not allow me to do much more than once again to say to you all, "Farewell!" ("Amens," and "God bless you!") That is, to desire and to pray from the bottom of my heart, with the memory of the past before my eyes, that you may *fare well*.

May you fare well in your bodies, that they may be stronger than ever before, for God Almighty can not only strengthen in the inner man, but in the outer. May He make you stronger to do more work to glorify Jesus Christ, and bless and save the souls of men. (Volleys).

I pray you will fare well in your brains—that you will take care of your minds. The more sense we have the better. Religion and common-sense have been very much put asunder; let us marry them afresh. (Volley). I hope to see the time when the Lord Jesus Christ will have the best and largest quantity of brain power that there is in the whole world. If I were a fool, I'd go against Him, but as a wise man I go for Him—(volley)—and claim all the wise men as being on my side. Break, and come away from the fools, if you have not already done so, and bring your brain power and consecrate it to the Lord Jesus Christ. ("Amen.")

I wish you to fare well in your souls, to be made good and holy, so that your neighbors, your housekeepers, your servants, your masters, and those who are round about you may say, "These Salvationists are the very best people we have got about us!" I want you to be good and true and honest and honorable, and all that is noble and right. I want your hearts to be filled with the fire of the Holy Ghost, with the love of Jesus Christ, with a compassion for the perishing, so that when I come back, if God should spare me, I may find you all on fire and the country in a blaze round about you. (Loud volleys.) With God Almighty's blessing, I do hope to see you again—("And we hope to see you!") I feel in my bones as if I should, and may it be with joy and not with sorrow. When the welcome day comes, when the reckoning hour has arrived, and a presentation of the report of the work done for God, for souls, and for humanity is made, may you have a good record to show. ("Amen!")

May God bless you—("And you!")—and your wives. God bless the women! Be kind to them! Fathers, take care of the children; may God bless your children. God bless your husbands; wives, take well hold of them, encourage them to work for Christ and souls. God bless you in your circumstances, in your basket and in your store! I will pray for you, and you will pray for me. (Cries of "We will!") Everyone who will promise to be true to God, to the Salvation Army and the General, say "Amen." (Universal volley.) Shut your eyes and say it again. (Repeated.) If we meet no more on earth, we will meet and take part in that grand procession before the Throne. Hallelujah!

God bless the officers and those I leave behind me in charge of this great work. Stand true, so that I may meet you with joy on earth or in the Morning. Hallelujah! Amen!

As quickly as possible, the flotilla of boats moored alongside the wharf were boarded, and were arranged to move off in this order:—

The Special Steamer (The General and Staff),	
s.s. "Duchess of Edinboro',"	s.s. "Telegraph,"
s.s. "Heather Bell,"	s.s. "Albert Edward,"
s.s. "Duchess at Albany,"	s.s. "Hercules,"
s.s. "Helena,"	s.s. "Her Majesty."

When all had got under-way, a scene of unequalled effect and beauty in Army or any other annals ravished the sight and stirred the soul. The orb of day shone his very best, the wavelets reflected his sunny smiles, and lapped the sides of the vessel in loving caress; gentle zephyrs kissed into motion the thousand flaglets which arched the boats from stem to stern, and carried to receptive ears strains of Army music from the upper decks. Ahead of us, just below the grandly-imposing Netley Hospital, the s.s. "Scot" lay, her magnificent proportions outlined in black against a blue and grey sky. To larboard and starboard, fore and aft, red-guernseyed "crews" poured into the "Sovereign"—the special tender conveying the General to the "Scot"—broadside after broadside of ringing volleys, which the General acknowledged again and again, sipping, between whiles, a much-needed cup of tea. As the General threw two kisses to the Bristol contingent on board the "Albert Edward," Staff-Capt. Maggie McGee immediately appropriated them to take to her Circus lads and lasses as a beautiful farewell present. She sang "Good-bye to them the next day. It was an anxious time of it when the "Heather Bell" took the "Cry" man and his fellow passengers beyond the "Scot," whose decks were manned with cheering, waving passengers and crew. Surely we were not off back to Portsmouth without the chance of another cheer to express our love? It was all right—or, to be more correct, all *unwavering*. This was the order of things till the "Sovereign's" precious Army cargo had been put on board the big liner, the last good-byes had been said, and

The Anchor Weighed.

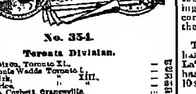
On the "Scot," the General was received by Mr. Alfred Giles, M.P., the chairman of the company, and was allowed the use of the hurricane deck. There was a very long passenger list, containing the names of many eminent gentlemen in the political, commercial, and social world. As our boat passed, one of a group of the "Scot's" firemen shouted, "God bless the 'Scot,' God bless General Booth!" His mates cheered, and an answering shout went back, "God bless the firemen!"

Then the floating castle spun round, and slowly steamed outwards, sitting the waters as gracefully as a swan. Meanwhile, a salute of bombs was adding to the impressiveness of the occasion. The salvation fleet, cheering more briskly than ever, followed for some little distance, each man and woman straining every nerve to get a last view of the dear General. He stood on the upper deck to the last, by his side Col. Nicol and Adjutant Rurland, and by the aid of the glass, could be seen occasionally waving both hands. Then only

A Gleam of his Red Guernsey

could be discerned, till finally individuality was lost in generality, the "Scot's" hull sank beneath the horizon, leaving only her two funnels and her pair of masts visible, and next moment, these last vestiges had disappeared, too. As misty eyes were turned from gazing on the misty beyond, many of their owners breathed deep and earnest prayers of "God bless him!"

It was not merely a return home that followed, but a return, *with new grace* and determination, to the duties God and the General have laid upon their people. Such was the best finish to a day of unblemished success and pleasure.



No. 354.

Toronto Division.	
Father Dixon, Toronto XI.,	— 67
Sergt. Annie Wadds Toronto I.,	— 62
" Kirk, " XIII.,	— 33
" Price, " "	— 24
Bro. Wm. Corbett, Orangeville,	— 21
Barrie Division.	
Father Miles, Barrie,	— 57
Sergt. Moore, "	— 48
Peterboro' Division.	
Sergt. Boyler, Peterboro',	— 30
" Robson, "	— 29
" Green, "	— 24
Ottawa Division.	
Sergt.-Major Banks Kemptville,	— 32
Sister K. Sweet, Brockville,	— 25
" M. McMullen, Ottawa,	— 25
British Columbia Division.	
Sergt. Galley, Vancouver, (353),	— 47
Bro. Earnshaw, "	— 31
Manitoba Division.	
Sister Mrs. Vinell, Winnipeg,	— 36
" " Hood, "	— 35
London Division.	
Sister Mrs. Bartlett, Listowel,	— 22
" S. A. Stacey, Forest,	— 20
Bro. Calder, Listowel,	— 20
Halifax Division.	
Sergt. Patterson, Westville, N.S., (353),	— 35
Sister Mary Gamble, Amherst,	— 23
Moncton Division.	
Sister Mrs. Cowie, Newcastle, (353),	— 47
Kingston Division.	
Sister H. Good, Napanee,	— 25
Woodstock Division.	
Emma Edwards, Berlin,	— 23
Total	...845
Officers' Names.	
Lieut. Collett, Victoria, B.C., (353),	.. 150
Capt. Aikenhead, Winnipeg, "	— 80
Lieut. McKay, Selkirk, "	— 77
" J. Gooding, Calgary, "	— 71
" Green, Winnipeg, "	— 71
Capt. G. McKenzie, Port Hope,	— 60
Lieut. Lee, Orangeville,	— 57
Capt. Bennie, Calgary, (353),	— 52
Lieut. Burrows, Peterboro',	— 52
" J. Dimmick, Carberry, (353),	— 50
Capt. Dowell, Toronto VIII.,	— 50
Lieut. Oder, Port Hope,	— 50
Capt. A. E. Kimble, New Glasgow,	— 41
" W. Heift, Dundas,	— 40
Lieut. R. Quick, Brockville,	— 37
Lieut. Stacey, Amherst,	— 35
" Ritchie, Toronto I.,	— 30
Cadet Pedlar, Ottawa T.G.,	— 30
" H. Smith, Bowmanville T.G.,	— 30
" H. Shuttleworth, Bowmanville T.G.,	— 21
Lieut. B. Sharwin, Berlin,	— 21
Cadet S. Knapp, Bowmanville T.G.,	— 20
Total	[illegible]

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES.

The Staff changes spoken of in last week's Notes affect nearly every division in the Dominion. Brigadiers Philpott and Spooner, Major Calhoun, Staff-Capts. Beatty, McIntyre, Southall, Sharp, Sweetman, and Cousins, and Adjutants Addie, Leonard, Collier, and Howell have all received farewell orders, and in the course of a few days will be welcomed into their new commands.

* * *

Also a number of Secretaries and Scribes have received marching orders, and will receive their appointments shortly.

* * *

The Field changes are numerous and affect nearly 100 corps and about 200 officers.

* * *

The Chief Secretary stands all bewildered, and wonders (as he gazes at the farewell sheets) whether there will ever be an end to changes and farewells, but past experience does not give him much encouragement to believe for this, although he can, and he will, and he does believe that some time will elapse between this change and the next.

* * *

We are advised of the departure from England for Canada of an officer who is to be appointed in the French work here. He will arrive shortly. The Commissioner is anxious to boom the French-Canadian War, and would like to hear from anyone who feels this work laid upon their heart. We are in great need of officers for this work. The harvest is great, but the labourers few. Are there not a great many holding back? Coming a little closer, are you hesitating? *Who will go for us?* Will not some one answer "Here am I send me?"

* * *

Major Morris is evidently having some glorious times in the West. I am informed that a special Rescue Demonstration was recently held in Winnipeg, and in response to the appeal made for funds to pay for furniture of the Home, over $100 was subscribed, *and all the city moved*.

* * *

The camp meetings at Portage la Prairie were attended by all the Manitoba F.G's. and Cadets, and about 100 soldiers, some of them having driven 75 miles not to miss the meetings, which resulted in 12 saved and 13 sanctified.

* * *

Those St. John I. bandsmen must be a proper blood-and-fire lot. I hear that they spent their holidays touring on behalf of the Home of Rest, and succeeded in clearing $100 for it, in addition to giving the corps they visited a good lift. God bless them.

* * *

The Eastern Division Soul-Saving Troupe has had some very successful meetings at LaTuie. The building, we are informed, has been crowded night after night, and 10 souls have been saved.

* * *

Selkirk in Manitoba has been successfully opened by Major Morris. Capt. Gram and Lieut. McKay are in command. Four souls were saved. The hall was crowded, and the collections good. We shall probably hear more about Selkirk as they mean victory.

* * *

Our two dear comrades, Capts. Hunter and Moss, have joined the Blood-washed throng above. Both these officers have been lingering on this side of the river for some time, and we have hoped that they would be spared to us for many more years of useful service, but our Father has in His infinite wisdom taken them to be with Him. We can only say, "Thy will be done." Pray, comrades, for the bereaved ones.

* * *

I wish also to ask you to join with me in remembering Adjutant and Mrs. Walder at the Throne of Grace. They sorrow over the loss of their little one.

READ THIS!

Dear Editor.—I have three reasons for loving the Salvation Army.

1st. They are such a happy people, and every person that loves the Lord Jesus Christ can stand up and testify. That is what some churches won't allow.

2nd. The Salvation Army soldiers are a peculiar people. The Bible says God's people are a peculiar people. I am sure the Salvationists are God's people.

3rd. The Salvation Army has got the best religious paper in the Dominion. There is no religious paper I love so much as the War Cry. I have bought hundreds or paid for hundreds to give away to the poor. I intend to buy hundreds more if I live. God bless good General Booth and prosper the Salvation Army is the prayers of a friend to the Army.

I here enclose 25c. Please give five War Crys to five poor families, and oblige,

Friend

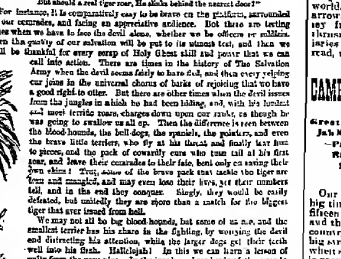
SOME ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

BY COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

"A barking cur in his own street With tigers can, he thinks, compete; But should a real tiger roar, His alarks behind the nearest door!"

For instance, It is comparatively easy to be brave on the platform, surrounded by our comrades, and facing an appreciative audience. But there are lurking times when we have to face the devil alone, whether we be officers or soldiers. Then the quality of our salvation will be put to its utmost test, and then we shall be thankful for every surge of Holy Ghost skill and power that we can call into action. There are times in the history of The Salvation Army when the devil seems fairly to have had, and then every yelping cur joins in the universal chorus of hosts of rejoicing that we have a good right to either. But there are other times when the devil issues from his jungles in which he had been hiding, and, with his loudest and most terrific roars, charges down upon our ranks, as though he was going to swallow us all up. Then the difference is seen between the blood-hounds, the bull-dogs, the spaniels, the pointers, and even the brave little terriers, who fly at his throat and finally tear him to pieces, and the pack of cowardly curs who run tail at his first issue, and leave their comrades to their fate, bent only on saving their own skins! True, some of the brave pack that tackle the tiger are often cut and mangled, and may even lose their lives, yet their numbers tell, and in the end they conquer. Simply they would be only defeated, but unitedly they are more than a match for the biggest tiger that ever issued from hell.

We may not all be big blood hounds, but some of us are, and the smallest terrier has his share in the fighting, by worrying the devil and distracting his attention, while the larger dogs get their teeth well into him. Hallelujah! In this we can have a lesson of unity from the very tips. In the jungles, where lots of fighting is going to be found, no tiger dare partake, as the proverb says, of their own



bers, are more than a match for him, and he is either driven away or killed. Even a single good tusker boar is almost a match for a tiger, and when a few of them unite, he has no chance whatever. No doubt, he would be willing to let the beare alone, but they understand his cruel nature, and know that he would single out and devour the weak ones of the herd. Hence the value of our Army organization. The strong fight the battles of the weak, and the weak do what they can to help, and then if the devil doesn't flee, he has a warm time of it, you may depend!

* * *

"Amongst the blind, if poo should bring A one-eyed man, he'd be their king."

A man who is just merely converted and no more, may be likened unto a flower among sinners, and is certainly better off than they, but he's nowhere among the saints. We have a few one-eyed soldiers still—saved, but not sanctified. One eye is better than none, but two eyes are better than no any day. The power that has given sight to the one will give sight to the other. You want both eyes to make you a match for the devil. When you've got a way of being at the blind side of those one-eyed folks, and perpetually stepping them up! No, don't be satisfied with a glass eye when you might have a real one, nor with a pair of colored spectacles to hide the defect, when you might have it removed. Holiness will enable you to see the devil, even when he comes as an angel of light; and better still, it will enable you, even in this world, to "see God."

* * *

"No wonder that they hack and hack, They're shaving with the razor's back!"

And then they find fault with the person they are trying to shave, because the hair won't come off! Some of the spiritual barbers, for instance, go in for shaving with education, and others with civilisation. Others place great reliance on forms and ceremonies, and there's a danger of a little of the back-razor business creeping into our meetings and operations. Let us use the sharp edge of the razor, and if ours has grown blunt, we may drop on our knees and get it sharpened right away.

* * *

"Nice lamps are invasing all their lights! The man who owns them has no sigh !"

What an admirable machine our Army is for lighting all the world! How well suited to each country and race we are! All in the middle of its nine lights and of very little good, or even to be the very, unless we have spiritual illumination ourselves. I've sometimes been amazed at my own blindness and stupidity when the General, or Rahesman, or someone else, has come along to wake me up to my opportunities. Let us all go in for getting our spiritual vision improved. Then we shall be able to make the best of those glorious opportunities.

"Some loaves are big and some are sma ll, Yet from one oven came they all."

And often the quality of the baking can be told best by the little loaves. Just so it is the spirit with which a man does his work that God is concerned about, and this is often shown most clearly by the smallest things. The foam floats lightly on the top of the waves, and shows us the direction of the current, and the speed we are going, but a stone would sink straight to the bottom and give no indication at all. So with some of our friends who think we are too hard on jewellery, and tobacco, and like things. These are the straws which show that the tide of man's affections are setting towards the world. The love may be present in very slight and slow, but there can be no doubt as to its direction, and hence we raise our outcry. At present there may be only little loaves in the oven, but from the taste we judge that they are sour, and the biggest loaves are likely to be the same.

* * *

"The city's blood, the king is mad, No difference they make; For in the streets of Paris both be had, A seer of greens or e ho!"

The seer of greens is really worth one piece, while the seer of cash would be worth far more. It is hard for a kingdom or city, when they refuse to listen to and distinguish between good and evil; when, for instance, they refuse to recognize the difference between the salvation and the shame, the real disturbers of the peace, when they punish the good as if they were bad, and treat the bad as if they were good.

* * *

"Poor fellow! He is etono-oiind quite, And yet they call him Mr. Sight.

A Christian without Christ, not even saved, and much less sanctified, is an illustration of this. Leader the Great said to one of his soldiers, who was brought up before him for some misdeed, and who happened to have the same name, "Either change your actions or your name."

* * *

"Whatever others' cards may be, Who in his own will sour ness see?"

That's why we have Holiness meetings and Holiness Bands—so as to get some heavenly ointment to open our eyes to see and acknowledge our own faults and shortcomings. But merely recognize the sourness of our cards will not make it any the less. Thank God, we are always able to remedy it by getting a plentiful supply of the heavenly remedy. The dear Scotch poet been at some of these meetings he wouldn't have needed to say,

"Oh, we'd some pow'r the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us!"

At times the illumining and convicting power of the Holy Ghost is such that we see not only ourselves but as others see, but much worse. Not only do we recognize the taste of our curds as well as any onlookers, but even more so. As a Persian lakir once said, when his disciples informed him of an unkind remark that had been made against him, "Was that all? Ah, if he had known me as well as I know myself he would have spoken much more harshly. Nevertheless, there was no need for you to repeat either to me or to the world. It was an enemy who shot the arrow, it fell short of its mark; but you, my friend, have wantonly to pick it up and thrust it into my heart!" Oh ye Auxiliaries and friends of the Salvation Army, read, mark and learn!

CAMP CRIMES FROM WINGHAM.

Great Interest—Father Totten—Matilda Jak Mieve—He Tasted the Liquor Out

—Preached as the Bar—A Snake Passed Him Neck—The Circus—Dead Cats—Wonderful Stewards —Many Souls Saved.

Our faith was up to a grand pitch for big times. In all the villages for ten and fifteen miles around, big bills were posted, announcing that Major Howe drives through the country posting bills in all quarters. A big streamer spanned the front street, and when such an interest in on at the corps it is easy to believe for saving times.

We opened on Thursday, 23rd July, and just when we had finished seating the tent, an old white headed Christian arrived, and asking Mrs. Philpott for the hand, said that he would not be able to come to the meeting, but just wanted to say "God bless the camp and testimony. This coming from an old Christian of 84 years standing, gave us another lift.

A fine but serious crowd at the first meeting, but before the first Sabbath. God was with us, the tent was loaded, Glory was in the air, and taking Mrs. Philpott by

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"Oh, what a redeemer is Jesus my Saviour,
Forgiving my sins, and bearing all my woe;
Oh, what a redeemer is Jesus my Saviour,
Proclaiming my liberty, and washing me white as snow,"

and

"It washes white as snow,
It washes white as snow,
The precious Blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow."

God blessed us much while we sang and prayed. God didn't seem miles and miles away while we prayed, but as if we were talking face to face, or as if He was in the room. While we were singing, a young woman came in and knelt down with us. She wasn't saved, but God took hold of her, and made her see that we had

"Something more than gold,
Salvation in our souls."

Capt. SHEA.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

He understood
My wayward, restless spirit. He knew all
My great desires. And though unconfessed
My secret longing after God and good,
He knew just why I could not be at rest.
He understood.

He understood
How I longed sometimes for a perfect life,
For some good deeds to lay before His feet.
To which to point that they might for me plead,
Forgetful of His sacrifice complete.
He understood.

He understood
How things undone, a host, stood waiting me.
So many things I felt that I should do.
Yet lacked the power. Often tried—to fail.
My human, *fruitless efforts Jesus knew.*
He understood.

He understood
How I would sit in judgment on myself,
Remorselessly drag every word and thought
Up to the light; despairing see myself
So far beneath the ideal that I sought.
He understood.

He understood
How oft these thoughts were banished far away,
And this world's good seemed quite to satisfy;
It's pleasures charmed me and it's joys were sweet,
How carelessly the happy days went by.
He understood.

He understood
Just how it was I turned at last to Him.
With naught to bring Him but my sin and strife;
No good had I to offer, for the past
Seemed naught but idle days, an empty life,
He understood.

He understood
How trembling my hand of faith went out.
And so His strong, firm grasp closed round my own;
He felt my faith, though it was weak and small,
And as I felt His grasp of love—'twas known
He understood.

He understood
Just what I fain would say, tho' I said naught.
But wept my love and sorrow at His feet;
Just how it was I cannot yet explain,
But how to save me, do a work complete,
He understood.

A. G. DAVIES.

NOTICE.

A Holiness Meeting is held every Thursday afternoon at 3 p.m. in No. I. and No II. Barracks, St. Johns, Nfld., alternately.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1 A WONDERFUL FRIEND.

LIEUT. BECKIE BLOSS.

TUNE—*Oh, Beulah Land, so bright and fair.*

I've found a Friend, oh! such a Friend,
His love to me it knows no end;
He guides and leads me all the day
Along the King's, the King's highway.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jesus mine, oh! Jesus mine,
He *keeps me by His power Divine;*
He gently leads me all the way,
For I am on the King's highway.

This Friend of mine is always near,
And keeps me safe from doubts or fear;
He fills my soul with peace and joy.
And love no full, nought can destroy.

This Friend, He is a Friend indeed,
He does supply my every need,
And when life's journey here is o'er,
He'll lead me to that happy shore.

2 HE TOOK ME IN.

S. PHILIP BECKETT, TEMPLE.

Oh, let me tell of Christ my King,
With all my soul His praises sing;
For when I yearned for liberty,
I saw His arm outstretched to me.

CHORUS.

He took me in, etc.

Deluded soul, to you I call,
His life the ransom paid for all;
All may be saved, whoever will,
Jesus receiveth sinners still.

Oh, do not then His goodness doubt,
He will in nowise cast you out;
He has a balm for every wound,
Salvation in His name is found.

So come just now with all your grief,
In Jesus you shall find relief;
Come with your woe, your grief and sin.
And prove with me, He takes you in.

3 THY WILL SHALL BE DONE BY ME.

BY CAPT. J. C. L——.

TUNE—*Ella Rhee.*

From all entanglements of earth call off my captive heart,
Oh, give to me the heavenly birth, the godly children's part;
For purity of heart I crave, for power Thy will to do,
I ask that Thou will fully save and make me Thine anew.

CHORUS.

Thy will be done in me, my Lord,
Thy will be done in me,
Whate'er the cost, I'm speak the word,
It shall be done by me.

Too long with things of time and sense my soul has idly played.
Earth's empty joys and fading toys have never Christians made;
But now for deeper joys I crave, for peace of Heaven born,
Naught else my soul can satisfy, and help me stand the storm.

Oh, make me in Thy image shine, and perfect me in love;
Take my best talents—they are Thine—and use them for above,
And may I to perfection rise, and more than conqueror be,
And all the praise and honor, Lord, shall be ascribed to Thee.

Cannot this work just now be done? Thy Word declares it can;
Thy power is mighty, Thou art strong to save poor fallen man;
I take Thee at Thy promise, Lord, I trust Thee now to save,
And from this hour I'll live for Thee and be a soldier brave.

4 BEAUTIFUL STORY.

AT ALPHA.

TUNE—*Tell it again.*

Beautiful story as ever was told,
God coming down from His streets paved with gold;
Leaving the splendor of Heaven so fair,
To save helpless sinners from sin and despair.

CHORUS.

Tell it again, etc.

Oft ne'er so thrilling entranced me before,
Over its pages I often must pore;
When eyes are too weak, why the ears I would use,
O tell me again friends the soul-charming news.

Strangest of births is that story is told,
King-child in manger saw shepherds of old;
Years only brought to Him hardship and pain,
O what a Saviour to treat with disdain!

Conflicts with demons, and conflicts with men,
Wonderful victory and healer — What then?
Hated and scoffed at, deserted and slain,
Death He has conquered—O tell it again!

I love it because when the battle is fierce,
I think how He triumphed while nails did Him pierce;
The strength that He had He has given to me,
The death-pains He bore have from hell set me free.

I love it because when fierce demons rage round,
I can tell them I stand on my Saviour's ground;
And the Spirit that vanquished old Satan of yore,
As it conquered for Jesus, will conquer once more.

5 WONT THAT BE NICE.

MAJOR BAUGH.

TUNE—"*Yes, I will rejoice in the Lord,*" or "*We are going home to Jesus,*" *with the old chorus.*

When thinking of Jesus, Who died on the tree,
The why and the wherefore I never could see;
To save me from sin He paid such a price,
Then take me to Heaven—but won't that be nice.

CHORUS.

All glory to Jesus, Salvation is free,
In Calvary's fountain there's blessing for me;
I once was a slave, but I'm bought with a price,
I'm marching to Heaven, and won't that be nice.

The road I am treading He travelled before,
He'll pilot me safe, to Heaven's bright shore;
I am His evermore, I am bought with a price,
I shall see Him in Heaven, and won't that be nice.

When foes shall surround me and strongly oppose,
I'll lean hard on Jesus, my weakness He knows;
He never will leave me, I'm bought with a price,
There's no foes in Heaven, and won't that be nice.

Poor sinner, the Master is calling for thee,
Thy Saviour and pilot He's waiting to be;
Now render to Him what He bought with a price
He'll give thee Salvation, and won't that be nice.

Oh, think of the friends who have journied before,
Their warfare is ended, their trials are o'er;
They are washed in the Blood that was shed as a price,
They are landed in Heaven, and won't that be nice.

6 Knee Drill.

"LINDSAY."

TUNE.—*So early in the morning.*

At 7 a.m., I love to meet
True soldiers at the Mercy-seat;
To ask God's blessing for the day,
On all we speak, or sing, or pray.

CHORUS.

So early in the morning
We meet to sing and pray.

'Tis there we gather strength to meet
The scoffs and jeers along the street;
As forth we go God's love to tell,
And beat our drum, the Army's bell.

'Tis there God hears and answers prayer;
As we each others troubles share;
Fulfils His promise, us to meet—
While gathered around the Mercy-seat.

'Tis our Saviour draws near;
With words of comfort, help and cheer,
While we to Him our voices raise,
In songs of glad triumphant praise.

But, oh! the joy it is to see
The sinner come and bend the knee;
To ask and have his sins forgiven,
While others are asleep at seven!

Now, just in passing let me say—
To those who slumber half the day;
The ones we most depend upon,
Are "knee drill" soldiers, every one.

TO INTENDING CANDIDATES.

On and after this date all applications for admission into the Army Work must be addressed to the Commissioner, Territorial Headquarters, Albert Street, Toronto, and not to the Brigadiers as heretofore.

(Signed) A. C. YOUNG,
CHIEF SECRETARY.

12-8-91.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

Capt. Uni Moss, who came out from Kingsville, December 27th, 1887, and was last stationed at Port Rowan, *promoted to Glory* from Waco, Texas, July 26th.

Capt. Mary Ann Hunter, who came out from Uxbridge, July 27th, 1884, and was last stationed at Mount Albert, *promoted to Glory* from Uxbridge, August 9th.

Lieut. Lizzie Brady, Resting, to be *Capt.*

Lieut. Maggie Campbell, Belleville, to be *Capt.*

Lieut. Maggie Robertson, Resting, to be *Capt.*

Lieut. William Dyker, Collingwood, to be *Capt.*

Lieut. Harry Walker, Whitby, to be *Capt.*

Lieut. Albert Craig, Windsor, to be *Capt.*

Lieut. John Gashue, St. John I., to be *Capt.*

Lieut. Janet Tuttle, St. John II., to be *Capt.*

Lieut. Jennie McAlrer, Georgetown, P.E.I., to be *Capt.*

Cadet Robert Quick, of Temple Garrison, to be *Lieut.*

Cadet Mary Redpath, Halifax Garrison, to be *Lieut.*

Cadet Edith Prince, St. John Garrison, to be *Lieut.*

Cadet Kate Galer, Lisgar Garrison, to be *Lieut.*

Cadet Maria Watson, Resting, to be *Lieut.*

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN WALTER ARCHIBALD, to take charge of the Hamilton Prison Gate Home.

ENSIGN JOHN R. STEELE, of Woodstock Division, to take charge of Temple Corps.

Capt. Brady to Maxville.
Capt. Campbell to Odessa.
Capt. Robertson to Thamesford.
Capt. Dyker to Hillsdale.
Capt. Walker to Tyrone.
Capt. Craig to South Wandslee.
Capt. Gashue to Annapolis N.S.
Capt. Tuttle to Bridgetown, N.S.
Capt. McAlrer to Oxford, N.S.
Lieut. Quick to Brockville.
Lieut. Redpath to Kentville.
Lieut. Prince to Fairville.
Lieut. Galer to Acton.
Lieut. Watson to Seaforth.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22ND, 1891.

Will Farewell. Just as we are going to press, we learn that Col. Young, our worthy Chief Secretary, has received orders to farewell, and will say good-bye to us at the Anniversary meetings in September. We are quite sure that the comrades all over the Dominion will pray that the few days he will be with us may be the best and most useful he has had. God bless Col. and Mrs. Young.

WHAT A SALVATIONIST SHOULD BE.

Sanctified, sweet, self-denying, solid, studious, sober, smart, sufferer, straight, sociable, saintly, stedfast, saving, smiling, soldier, sincere, sharp, saviour, scripture-reader, successful.

SHOULD NOT BE.

Sanctimonious, sour, selfish, soft, slothful, silly, stupid, shirker, sohile, short, severe, stubborn, spendthrift, surly, shiftless, sulky, saucy, scolding, satanical, shallow.

Capt. J. C. LUDGATE.

A NEW REFORMATION.

REV. C. W. KENT COMMENDS THE WORK OF THE S.A.

THE CHURCH IS SLOWLY UNDERGOING A GREAT AND BLESSED CHANGE—"DARKEST ENGLAND" AND THE LABORS OF GENERAL BOOTH—THE GOSPEL BROUGHT TO THE NEEDS AND REALITIES OF LIFE.

At the Church of the Redeemer the last two Sunday evenings, the Rev. G. W. Kent has been giving, largely from his personal observation, a most appreciative account of the work of the Salvation Army in "Darkest England." He dwelt last Sunday evening upon the great lesson of its tremendous struggle with the real and gigantic evils of the great metropolis, speaking in part as follows:—The churches in the past have had zeal and consecration, rising many times to a sublime devotion, but alas, it well-nigh all has been directed to the skies, spent upon schemes to atone to God for what God Himself ordained and brought about, aimed at some heaven or hell of the hereafter, while the earth with its heavens and its hells has been left unsaved, unhelped and almost utterly untouched. As General Booth lifts up the bitter cry of his anguish over London's millions: "Why all this apparatus of temples and meeting-houses to save men from perdition in a world which is to come, while never a helping hand is stretched out to save them from the inferno of their present life?"

But the church is slowly undergoing a great and blessed change. A nobler reformation than of Luther's day is now inaugurated. Religion is coming back to earth again, and all its mighty influence for good will yet be brought to bear in realizing Christ's ideal of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

Do you ask me what is working this grand change? Ah, it is being wrought on the iron anvil of experience under the hammer-strokes of disaster, disappointment, desperation. It is being driven home to men that a religion absorbed in the imagined exigencies of another world is a woeful failure in dealing with the real exigencies of this.

With Crushing Force

it is striking the churches that the very ones whom Jesus came to uplift, they are failing to reach or to help in the least degree. And at last good men are learning the utter and absolute futility of trying to save the SOULS of those whose bodies, whose minds, whose homes, whose neighborhood, whose circumstances, from end to end, keep them simply in a hell of hunger and darkness, degredation and sin.

Take the vast, sunless, fever-haunted forest of the Congo, with its dwarfed, dehumanized inhabitants, do nothing to let in the sunshine and raise the food that human beings need, do nothing to drain the swamps and purify the poisonous air, do nothing to end the slave trade and the wreck it makes of every human attribute, and what could you do for the SOULS of those hunted pigmies? Just so we are pointed to a "Darkest England," and the man who for five and forty years has toiled under the shadow of its want and woe, asks us what use it is "to PREACH to men whose whole attention is concentrated upon a mad, desperate struggle to keep themselves alive." It is under the pressure of grim realities like these, under the terrible experience of an evil undiminished, a good zeal zed, and which the church religion has not seemed to touch, or even to approach, that Christian men are learning that they must bring religion back to earth again, and fit it to the facts of time, as well as to their visions of eternity.

This is the coming reformation. The signs of it are everywhere. But nowhere are they more wonderfully manifest than in that church whose mission of mercy has put all Christendom to shame, that church of which Canon Farrar, before a mighty audience in Westminster Abbey, has spoken his enthusiastic admiration, that church of the unchurched, of the poor, the outcast, the illiterate, which we know as the Salvation Army. Nowhere, I say, are the signs so wonderfully manifest as in it, of that one most needed second advent of the Christ religion, its coming down to earth once more. And you will see those signs most clearly in the latest product of its active brain and fervent heart, this book with its prophet voice and the splendid enterprise already unfolding; here in this book—the account of "Darkest England,"—the beginning of that deliverance which you and I may live to see. Shall I tell you the one deepest, divinest meaning of this passionately earnest book and that sublimely vast enterprise? It is that the Salvation Army has found its way back from

The Far Away Religion of the Creeds

to the "here and now" religion of the man Christ Jesus; that it has turned from a scheme of other-world redemption to the gospel of God's kingdom upon earth.

Let me show you, as I can, the evidence of this. Remember that the Salvation Army when it first took the field, meant by salvation just that saving of the soul from some other-world perdition which the church before it meant. It went forth saying as all the rest were saying, as Mr. Moody says: "It's no use trying to improve the order of things here, this world is a wreck, and bound to sink." Learned doctors may explain that their doctrine of religion means something vastly better than it seems to, but in the Salvation Army we had the very epitome of what plain, unlettered, common people understood by their doctrine of religion, and it started out to do its work with that religion of the far-away and future, "Fire and Blood" its watchwords and its battle-cry. But the Salvation Army planted its banners amongst a different class than that with which the other churches had to do. It did not stay amongst those comfortable, well-fed, decently brought-up people who can manage to get along with a religion of the far-off and the future. It went right down amongst the wretched, and the needy and ill-taught. And it found out, in a hand to hand battle with the real evils, the real hells and devils of the world, that to talk to those perishing wretches of a fate which had befallen them—in Adam, of a judgment pronounced—somewhere off in the skies, of a heaven—postponed to the grave and beyond;—to talk to such destitute, despairing wretches of this far-off, future affair of RELIGION, was to give them stones who were starving for bread, and to make mock of their distresses! And up from its face to face contact with the stern reality of want and woe the Salvation Army comes to us and tells us what it has found religion ought to be doing. In General Booth the Salvation Army speaks, and he says:

"I have had some experience on this subject and have been making observations with respect to it ever since the day I made my first attempt to reach these starving, hungry crowds just over forty-five years ago—and I am quite satisfied that these multitudes will not be saved in their present circumstances. All the clergymen, home missionaries, tract distributors, sick visitors, and everyone else who care about

The Salvation of the Poor

may make up their minds as to that. They must be put into a position in which they can work and eat, and have a decent room to live and sleep in, and see something before them besides a long, weary, grinding round of toil and anxious care to keep themselves and those they love barely alive, with nothing at the further end but the hospital, the work-house or the madhouse. If Christian workers and philanthropists will join hands to effect this change, it will be accomplished, and the people will rise up and bless them and be saved; if they will not the people will curse them and perish."

This is revolutionary! Here are the ones who won into the struggle saying with Mr. Moody, "It's no use trying to improve the order of things here," coming up from the midst of its turmoil and tears, with the sweat of it upon their brows, and the burden *of it on their hearts, and saying to* us now, "It's no use trying anything else until we do improve the order of things here." And this is now the change which the Salvation Army is striving, with all its mind and might, to carry out."

Look at a single case to show you how Gen. Booth tells us that under his command he has a hundred young women who go down into the city slums in apostolic fashion, two and two, living in a couple of the same kind of dens or rooms as are occupied by the people themselves, differing only in their cleanliness and order, and the few articles of furniture which they contain. Here they live all the year round, visiting the sick, looking after the children, showing the women how to keep themselves and their homes decent, cultivating peace, advocating temperance and ceaselessly preaching the religion of Jesus Christ. Elsewhere he says, speaking of the kind of good, of the immense amount of good these sisters of the poor are doing: "You need to follow them into the kennels where they live, preaching the Gospel with the mop and the scrubbing brush, and driving out the devil with soap and water." What glorious, what practical heresy and heterodoxy is all this! Now, it seems to me, when I try to get back to the very gospel of Jesus Himself, when I have lifted aside, one after another,

The Philosophic Notions, the Theological Notions,

with which the story of His life and Word is overlaid, when I get as near as I can to just what He meant by that kingdom of heaven He wanted to begin upon earth, I come to something, a society, a fellowship, a church—call it what you will—but something drawing up into its embrace the depraved and destitute of all classes, drawing up these poor outcasts, reforming them, and creating in them habits of industry, honesty and truth; teaching them methods by which alike the bread that perishes and that which endures to everlasting life can be won." That describes very closely Jesus seems to have meant by the Kingdom of Heaven. Do you know that THESE ARE THE VERY WORDS in which General Booth describes the work religion ought to do to-day, the work which he and his army of co-laborers have resolved and started out to undertake. And he says about such work "It is not applicable to the thief, the harlot, the drunkard and the sluggard, it may as well be dismissed without ceremony, as Christ came to call not the saints, but sinners to repentance, so the new message of temporal Salvation—that is, of this world salvation—of pinching poverty, from rags and misery, must be offered to all." And in another place he says. "In providing for the relief of temporal misery, I am only making it easy where it is now difficult, and possible where it is now all but impossible for men and women to find their way to the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

I think that I have quoted enough to show what the whole tenor and spirit of this book teaches, that here is the Gospel brought back to

The Needs and the Realities of Life

as it is. And this is but one of the hundred tokens of that blessed reformation of religion, which has everywhere begun.

I attended recently some of the great religious meetings of Dr. Munhall, the famous evangelist, and as I listened to that religion of the far-away and future which he impetuously urged upon us, then looking over his great audience, saw those well conditioned, well-conducted people placidly enjoying the mild excitement of his eloquence, but looked and looked in vain for those whom the churches never reach, how could I listen to that preaching, and hear the scheme propounded by which some awful penalty the race incurred in Adam might be laid upon the innocent and an infinite executioner be satisfied—how could I mark in these great meetings the colossal failure of that religion of the far-away and future to reach the needies:—and not have it burst into my soul that it is time for a reformation in religion, time that the Gospel came to earth again to teach and heal and save? But let us not despair! In such a work as this of William Booth's there speaks the spirit of the age; his is the religion which will live when the churches shall have awakened from their sleep, discarded the baseless fabric of their dreams, and entered upon that mighty enterprise of real world-redemption to which for eighteen hundred years the voice of Jesus has been calling them.

WAR NEWS

BY WARRIOR.

The camp on Well's Hill is over.

Civic Holiday, Monday the 10th., was the best day of all.

Seven knelt at the Cross in the Holiness meeting, and seven at night.

In spite of the big storm, and other drawbacks, God did a good work.

I am given to understand that an account of these meetings will appear in our next issue.

Capt. Fielder is very sick at the Rothsay Home of Rest. Pray for her.

WAR CRY No. 324 is wanted. Will you kindly send it along?

D. O. Leonard issued some very attractive dodgers during the Commissioner's welcome to Ottawa. It was a successful move.

Capt. Uni Moss died in Texas a few days ago. He had gone there on furlough.

Lieut. Curlow is very seriously ill in Toronto. Pray that God will lay His healing hand upon him.

Change! Change!! Change!!! Wonderful changes are taking place among the Divisional Staff of Ontario.

Doubtless, ere this reaches our readers, all secrets will be out, and it will have been made very plain as to who is going here, and who is going there.

The best thing every Salvationist can do is to pray that each and all of these changes will result in much blessing to all parties concerned.

Several D. O's have been round Headquarters during the past few days, among them being Major Calhoun, and D. O's. Beatty and McIntyre. Each of these attended the Wells' Hill camp on Civic Holiday.

Ensign and Mrs. Roffe's baby was dedicated to God and the Army at Wells' Hill camp on Civic Holiday, as well as the baby boy of Mr. Scott, the Social Wing Industrial Traveller.

The Training Garrison at Moncton is filled with Cadets.

Major Baugh recently dedicated two children at Chatham, N. B. One was named *Eva Booth*, and the other *Nettie Simco.*

"Our baby brass band is now standing on a level with any of the light weights, and draws a big crowd whenever announced." So writes Brigadier Philpott.

"Please, Mr. Editor, would you print my song I sent you. The people want it, and if it was in the CRY, they would sell like hot cakes." So writes a brother to the Editor.

The Editor wishes me to advise our brother to wait patiently, and if his song is suitable, it may appear within the next six months; but if not, it wil.——

Brigadier Philpott has sent along a batch of "Camp Crumbs." Don't fail to read them, as they are very interesting.

Read the interesting letter in this issue written by "The Drummer." It comes from St. Johns, N. F.

Don't give away little texts, or mottoes, to please or draw the children to the J. S. meetings.

The camp meetings at Wingham, led by Brigadier Philpott, have been a great success. Many have knelt at the Cross.

Brother John Haywood has gone home to Heaven from Orillia.

Oh! the Exhibition CRY will be a thorough beauty. Yes! Yes!! Yes!!! it will be a dandy and no mistake. Look out for it, comrades.

D. O. Sweetman and his wife are jubilant over the arrival of a little daughter.

The St. John I. brass band has made a very successful tour, to gather in funds for the Rothsay Home of Rest.

Look out for the close of the Commissioner's Eastern Tour in next week's issue. It will be illustrated.

Some person has sent to the Editor the old church hymn, beginning with the line, "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee." At the foot of the hymn he writes:—"Lines written by a Methodist on the death of A—— G——, a faithful member of the Salvation Army."

Now, most of our readers will remember that this hymn was in existence years ago, so that it was not written on the death of any S. A. soldier. Take the hint brother, and send original matter in the future.

Bro. H. Grimes has been promoted to Glory from Knowlton.

The Rev. Miss Caster, from the States, gave our comrades a lift at Windsor, N. S., one Sunday night not long ago.

Bro. Thomas has also been promoted to the ranks above from Halifax I., after being a soldier for two years.

A man got saved in an S. A. meeting at Oshawa lately, and was found dead shortly afterwards.

A brass band of thirteen instruments has been formed at Oshawa.

Capt. J. Jones, of London, reports two sisters saved at the drum-head in an open-air on a late Saturday night.

An Auxiliary said in one of Commissioner's meetings on Well's Hill camp ground, that he had only missed one knee-drill in two years.

Another Cheering Letter.

DEAR WAR CRY,—My heart is so full this morning I must write, and just here those words come very forcibly to my mind,

"Weak is the effort of my hand,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought."

and my head sinks again and I cry, "Cold, indeed, Lord, in comparison to Thy great love, but, Jesus, Thou shalt just have the very warmest thought it is possible for this poor heart to contain."

Do you think, dear WAR CRY, it is possible for us in any way to love Jesus too much or to trust Him too simply. I fail to see how it is possible. My heart continually cries out, "Oh, for a

More Simple, Trusting Love.

which will make my life shine all the brighter when dark clouds hang around, and as I see all around me lives being blighted, blasted, which might shine, oh, so brightly for Jesus, it makes me feel on my own heart pressed—a little of that great load which must be pressing on the great loving heart of Jesus.

Oh, my precious comrades, you who have a chance of publicly warning sinners encouraging the saints of God, be true for Christ's sake, be true to your colors. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder as a grand conquering army till we drop to rise and reign with Jesus. Speak, speak to sinners everywhere. Plead with the Lord of the harvest to open the way for

Still More Laborers

to go out into active service on His great harvest-field, and please pray that God will strengthen with all might and wisdom this child of His, and keep us each, in whatever circumstances, noble, true, loyal soldiers of the King. May God bless you richly.

LILLIE I. BAYENTON.

Enjoyed Themselves.

Lieut. Price sends along a report of a trip to Bear River, N. S., the cherry land. At Clark's Grove, great crowds listened to the open-air in the afternoon, and the night meeting in the barracks was good. No one would decide to serve God, so our comrades sarted home by the steamer, feeling they had enjoyed themselves, and at the same time done a little good.

Moving the City.

Capt. J. Jones reports two souls saved at the drum-head on Saturday night lately, and seven at the meetings on Sunday. The Capt. has organized a lasses timbrel band, which is moving the city.

Old Friends Meet.

"A soldier" from Guelph tells us of the good times there on a late Sunday. Ensign Golde, Capt. Bishop, and the Whetstone Bros., were with them, as well as the lassies who were specialling. The meetings were good, and resulted in two souls seeking Salvation.

He Feels Good.

Lieut. H. Andrews is holding on at Barrie during Capt. Miller's absence. Major Calhoun conducted the meetings on Sunday. Four souls were penitent enough to come out to the form and cry to God, who put them right, during the day. The Lieut. is in good spirits and praises the Lord.

A Proper Time.

Adjt. Manton, Dad and Mother Florence, and a lot of Blood and Fire warriors, recently visited Toronto VIII. and any person who knows these people can form an opinion of what kind of a time they had. Capt. Dowell says they had a proper meeting. One soul for the week.

Don't Despise Small Things.

Capt. A. Barker, of Wiarton, has not yet learned to despise the day of small things. Three souls have lately been saved, and Capt. is aspiring for something greater.

Tough, But Victory Coming.

The fighting has been rather tough at Omemee, but Capt. Cass has had victory. Seven souls have been saved lately, four of which, were saved at the Orange Line St. school house, where our comrades hold a meeting every Monday night.

Jubilant Times.

This is what Capt. Payne is having at Pembroke. A young lady who sat and laughed in the commencement of one of the meetings, wept bitterly at the penitent-form at the close. Another prodigal, too, has returned home. The converts are getting along grandly. They sing, speak, march, etc., and will no doubt make good soldiers.

A Drive on the Prairie.

Capt. L. Isaacson, of Neepawa, Man., is in for victory. She has recently been on a trip over the prairie, and drove about 112 miles. On a Sunday not long ago, two souls sought Salvation, and one Sanctification.

Bush Meetings.

Capt. Hunt, of Wheatley, has been holding open-air meetings in Bro. Goslin's bush, and reports two souls saved in these meetings. Capt. G. Dodd and wife paid our comrades there a visit, and were a great blessing.

Just Saved in Time.

The Lord has been saving souls at Oshawa lately. Capt. Edwy White is in charge there. One dear man who got saved, was found dead a few hours after. True, he was saved just in time. Another sister who had just lost her mother came to Jesus, and finds that Salvation helps her in her trouble. The brass band of thirteen instruments is doing nicely.

Two Big Goes.

Capt. Nellie Smith reports good times in Sussex, N. B. Major Baugh has visited this corps, as well as Capt. Andrews, and the St. John brass band. One soul has got saved lately. Capt. in for doing all she can.

Had a Good Time.

Capt. J. S. McLean wishes to inform the readers of the War Cry that God is blessing his labors in Annapolis, N. S. The Staff and Scribe recently paid them a visit and enrolled a recruit. Two souls were saved lately. A good time was spent at the Junction recently in a church, which was kindly lent to us for the occasion, and another soul came to Jesus.

Going in for Greater Things.

The war is still being pushed in Credit Forks. Up to the time of Cand. Alex. Cenchton's writing, four souls have sought Jesus in the past fortnight, and our comrades there are going in to get more saved.

A Picnic.

A report from Lindsay signed by "A Sympathizer," tells us that the Salvation Army has had a picnic lately. It was a decided success. The meetings were led by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Beatty, assisted by the officers from surrounding corps. All enjoyed themselves immensely.

Kept Busy.

Capt. B. Mahon is kept busy with matters concerning the war at Stratford. No time is lost, and on a Sunday not long ago, no less that eight meetings were held for the salvation of sinners.

Two Came Out.

Cadet Bradford reports two souls saved at Toronto XI. on a recent Sunday. There was not much of an attendance, as the camp meetings were going on at the same time.

Cheering Words.

After a couple of week's rest, Capt. Heilt has returned to Dundas to continue the war against sin and the devil. Ensign Archibald, from the Hamilton P. G. Home, led the meetings on Saturday and Sunday, when two souls sought Salvation, and two for Holiness. The Rev. Mr. Kay, who was present, also spoke some cheering words at night. God bless him.

$40 Worth.

The visit of Major Calhoun and Adjt. Michiel to Orillia was a grand success. Capt. and Mrs. Ayre are in charge and report cheering news. They have had eight souls for Salvation, and ten for a Clean Heart lately. The War Crys are selling well. The soldiers are going in for more uniform, having just ordered $40 worth. Thank God.

She was Away.

Capt. G. Caraher, who has been silent for a long time, on account of being away from the front of the battle, is storming the forts of darkness in Canning, N. S. She is assisted by Lieut. N. Conners. One soul has been saved, and the Capt. believes there is more to follow.

Death, Death, Death.

Death has been doing its work at Brampton. An aged brother has gone home to his reward. Capt. Jones and some of the comrades marched and sang in the procession, and at the grave May God bring the unsaved to Himself and fit them for this last great enemy—Death.

They Were a Success.

In spite of the "big go" in the town of Galt, the S. A. camp meetings, which happened to be on the same dates, were a success. They were conducted by Brigadier Spooner, Staff-Capt. Sharp, and a lot of Field officers. The weather was rather cool, but the meetings resulted in souls being sanctified.

Commissioner's Visit.

According to the announcement, Commissioner Rees, Staff-Capt. Acum, with other Divisional Staff and Field Officers arrived in Brockville and led special meetings. The public meeting was held in Victoria Hall, and a large crowd assembled. The Y. M. C. A. kindly supplied their best upper room for the officers' councils. Lieut. Quick, reporting for Capt. Ludgate, tells us that the meetings through the week were good.

Faithfulness Rewarded.

Four days camp meeting have been held at Norwich. Lieut. N. Martin reports several souls saved, but some who are unwilling to part with tobacco, etc., are not making the progress they should. At Otterville, the outpost, God has a faithful few who have been laboring for Jesus for some time, and as a result of their faithfulness, God gave them three souls on Sunday.

Four Penitents.

Capt. A. Boggs, is rejoicing over getting the victory at Truro, N. S. She has had two conversions, and two seeking The Blessing lately.

One Enrolled.

Adjt. Collier and Capt. and Mrs. Wright, have recently visited Stellarton, N. S., where Capt. A. Rafnee is at the head of S. A. affairs, for a special meeting. The Adjt. enrolled one comrade, and altogether, they had a nice time.

Brigadier and D. O.

Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts, accompanied by D. O. Beatty, recently paid a visit to Tyrone, and cheered up Capt. Ten. Williams, who is in charge, and the soldiers. Two, who came out for Clean Hearts, have been getting on grandly ever since.

Going Up! Up!! Up!!!

Everything generally in connection with Montreal II. corps, which is Capt. Myles and Lieut. McKenzie's charge, is on the up-grade. Five were out for Holiness recently. The band is on the rise; soldiers, recruits, and converts are getting more numerous. While other things are on the rise, the debt is falling.

Have You Done Your Duty?

Another week has rolled by, and Lieut. Patterson, of Lippincott II. T. G., has done his duty to God and man. He has had the joy of seeing four souls at the mercy seat during the week, but still longs to see more coming to Jesus.

Heavy Battle.

Our Berlin comrades are still in the midst of a heavy battle, but are gaining ground on the enemy. Capt. W. Fisher is believing for victory.

Rev. Miss Caster Helps.

God is letting His presence be felt in the meetings at Windsor, N. S. Capt. Johnston, and Rev. Miss Caster of the States, gave our comrades a helping hand on Sunday. Their services were much appreciated, and the meetings were grand, but none would give in to the Spirit of God.

"Good to be Here."

The work is rolling on in Brandon, Man. Lieut. Ursula Kindree tells us of a wonderful time they had on a recent Wednesday night, when four souls sought pardon. Among the number was a young man who was a Roman Catholic, and had been hurt in a railroad accident and was still suffering from the effects of it. He, in his testimony, pleaded with the unsaved to get right. Another soul volunteered out on Thursday night, who had held a position in a Sunday school and was not fit for it, but believes he is alright now. On Friday night, four more came out for Sanctification, and one for Salvation. Four more came out for Holiness again on Sunday morning. The Lieut. says, "It is good to be here."

At the Drum-Head.

Capt. A. Miles and Lieut. Lee, of Orangeville, have been rather "mum" lately in reporting for the Cry, but the Capt. explains it this week. He says he has been trying *to do*. There is no attraction like getting people saved at the drum-head. One soul has lately done this, also two more were converted in the barracks. Praise God. This is cheering.

Enrollment at Yorkville.

Capt. Nene Cook says they are still alive up at Yorkville. After the public meeting is over on Sunday nights, the comrades go out for an open-air and have good crowds. Souls have been getting saved, and some have also knelt for Cleansing.

Hard Fighting.

"We are fighting away here as hard as we can," writes Capt. Hiltz from Portage La Prairie, Man. Since the camp meetings, where thirteen souls sought Jesus, four more have surrendered. It was beautiful to see a convert, just a week saved, put his arms around an old chum's neck at the penitent-form and try to point him to the Saviour.

Come Again.

Wallaceburg has had a visit from a brass band composed of Officers. Capts. Hoag, Mudge, Wakefield and Mutton, took a conspicuous part in the meeting. The people were much pleased with the music, etc., and will be glad to see them again. So writes Lieut. Lillie La Drew.

Back to the Front Again.

Capt. Nettie Armstrong has been resting for the past six months, but is again at the front of the battle in Kentville, N. S. Since taking charge there, she has had the joy of leading two back to their Saviour. The War Crys and Young Soldiers were all sold out and the Capt. is believing to increase her order soon.

The Soul-Saving Troupe.

The soul-saving troupe have spent a few days at La Tete, N. B. Much good was done and ten souls professed to have found the Saviour at the penitent-form, and two more while visiting. The S. S. T. have gone to Chatham, N. B., for a series of meetings there. May God bless their labors.

She Feels Strong.

Capt. L. Isaacson has just returned from camp meetings, and feels strengthened to go on and win the people of Neepawa for Jesus. Some are very careless and indifferent, but victory will come.

Going Around Faster.

The chariot wheels are commencing to go around faster at Liverpool, N. S. One soul has come to Jesus and got free from sin. The open-air meetings are good. Capt. Hynde and Lieut. Heisler are trusting in Him who knows no defeat.

Gone Home from Halifax.

Bro. Thomas, who has been a soldier for about two years, has been promoted to the ranks above. He was only sick a short time. But his accounts had been squared up for some time, so he was ready to go. He was faithful as a soldier, and although he had a hard fight, he carefully plodded on. He had an S. A. funeral, and many, no doubt, were made to think about their souls as we laid our comrade in the grave. The memorial service was held on Sunday night. A number spoke about the life of our departed comrade and praised the Lord that he had been made a blessing to them. We mean to keep true and fill a soldier's grave.—Capt. E. Williams.

Another Warrior Gone Home from Knowlton.

Again the angel of death has visited our corps, and this time taken away Bro. H. Grimes. He has not been able to meet with us for some time, but we visited him twice shortly before he died, and I am satisfied with his experience. I don't fear to say, I believe all is well with his soul. He said he was very glad he had made his peace with God before he took sick, for he was sometimes too weak to pray, but through it all he could say, "Thy will be done," and lean on his Saviour's arm. Comrades, pray for the bereaved ones, some of them are yet unsaved. We held a memorial service last Sunday evening, where the truths of the Gospel were, I believe, driven home to every heart. But none publicly yielded themselves to God. Now, just a few words to the sinner and backslider—If it had been you my brother or sister, instead of Bro. Grimes, we would have had no hope of your soul's happiness. You who stood on the platform with our devoted comrade once and promised to live for God and heaven, you will again stand at the judgment seat of Christ with him, and either hear the Lord say to you, "Depart from Me," or "Well Done." We warn you faithfully. Be ye also ready, God is coming.—Capt. McClenaghan.

Over 92 Years of Age.

We visited a lady the other day over 92 years of age, who said she enjoys no talk better than with a Christian. This is her testimony:—For a long time I lived a Pharisee. I thought I was as good as others; but when I discovered my own wicked heart, I felt that I was lost, that my day of grace had gone by. Then, I got on my knees and told God I wanted to know that I was His and I got into liberty. That is over 50 years ago now. I'm waiting to get home. We had one prisoner last week, and one backslider on Tuesday last. Glory to God.—Capt. Sim McDonald, Digby, N. S.

Wonderful Times.

The following report is from Capt. A. Larder, of Amherst, N. S.:—Amherst is on the move; the devil is in a rage; God is being glorified; soldiers are getting more of His Spirit; souls are getting saved; we close this week with nine; God gets all the glory.

PRAYING WOMEN.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

"Surely we have no need to fear the success of a movement that began with women on their knees in prayer."—*Frances E. Willard, in her Presidential Address at Atlanta, in 1890.*

From the battlements above,
Which the angels guard with care,
Lo! they watch in mortal paths,
"Women on their knees in prayer."
Not afar from human eyes,
Not in quiet safe retreat,
But where congregate the rude,
Near saloons, and in the street.

There they prayed for those they loved,
There those women plead with tears.
Gone was all their wordly pride,
Vanished strangely all their fears.
For they felt the solemn thrill
Which attested heaven's call,
In His tenderness they prayed,
Who beholds the sparrow's fall.

There they plead, those noble souls!
Women pure and women fair!
Could the heart of God withstand
"Women on their knees in prayer?"
Lo! the answer, far and near
Banners wave and songs are sung;
"God and Home and Native Land,"
Are the words on every tongue.

See the beauteous Temple rise!
Like its object fair and grand;
See the ribbon white is worn
By a host in many a land.
'Tis the Army of the Lord!
For the right they do and dare;
Victory follows where is seen
"Women on their knees in prayer."

"EMANCIPATED:"

The Story of a Danish Girl.

Half a score of years ago, there used to wander through field and forest of a remote country neighborhood in Denmark, a square little figure, with deep-set, keen grey eyes, and a love for beast and bird which puzzled her doll-minding sisters, and was by no means a source of unmitigated pleasure to the good mother who was still her wild little daughter's ideal of womanhood.

"The Lord must have made a mistake when you were born," she would say sometimes, with a shake of her head, after Helene had declined to associate with her sisters unless she might "be priest and

Baptize the Stupid Dolls;"

or when she slipped into the house, bruised and battered, after a fall "from green to green" out of the waving tip-top of some tall tree her brothers had dared her to scale. "The Lord *must* have made a mistake. You were meant for a boy!"

So Helene Berg herself thought. "Woman's work" wearied her brown fingers. Boys had so much wider scope out among trees and flowers, and all wild life! Indeed, had it not been for her passionate love for her mother she would have been inclined, even at ten years old, to think God had made a mistake about her altogether. Life was such a queer, narrow thing, and so few people seemed to understand what it was good for!

The crows were her greatest friends. "I used to sing to them by the hour," she told us gravely once. "I think, perhaps, that is why my voice is so much like a crow's now. But they enjoyed it. You would never think how wise crows were, or how much they could say with their eyes, unless you had lived with them and been friends with them!"

There was little Christian teaching mixed in with all this half-conscious nature-worship. The white church of the village was two miles away, and the Berg children were seldom let go so far. Their mother taught them wisely and well herself, and gave what religious instruction she deemed necessary, along with their history and arithmetic, and English and French. For the rest, they made their own little ways of worship, and had their own ideas —mostly originated by Helene—as to the best modes of placating Deity, and getting their own way with Omnipotence—the first instincts of all childish minds opened up to religion and not instructed in Salvation.

In the back yard were three tree-trunks, standing upright in the ground. If Helene and her sisters had been naughty, they crept surreptitiously out to these, laid their hands on each one, and sent up their prayer from their self-chosen altars:—

"Oh Lord, I have done"—mentioning the crime.—"If it be Thy will,

Let Me be Punished;

but if it be possible, let me get off."

When Helene was twelve, her father failed, and it was necessary for him to remove to Copenhagen. There, for the first time, she learned what passionate love of freedom was hers by finding it denied her. Mother had no time to teach them any more, and the girls went to school. Poor Helene! No more fields, or forests, or crows! But her quick mind learned to find food in even its trammelled studies. After a while, and her hungry heart, deprived of the crows, made itself idols. The three tree-trunks were only symbols of the many altars on which she tried to find the faith would *really* consume her offering!

She began to go to a Sunday-school in Copenhagen, and one of the teachers she found, was a woman who had the art of rousing the enthusiasm of her pupils to a marked degree. One day she spoke on missions. "I love my work

Here Among the Danes,"

she said. "It is beautiful to speak of Jesus here, but it is far more beautiful to speak of Jesus to those who know nothing of Him."

As Helene listened, her heart leaped and her pulses beat fast. Her whole being roused to enthusiasm for the fame of the Christ to Whom she had never yet yielded heart or life. What so glorious as to spread the Gospel among the heathen? What the Gospel had in it, somewhere, just the power she herself needed to mould her stony, hard will, and quiet her untamed, restless nature, and conquer her fierce, passionate ambition, she never dreamed. Nor is she alone in like case. Only the other day, a Danish missionary was saved in Copenhagen, under Major Wilson, who had been a missionary for years, and yet had never known in his own heart the saving grace of God.

At fourteen, Helene was sent into the country again to be prepared for confirmation by a clerical uncle. He was very thorough, but when study got too oppressive for his unruly niece she used to slip away to a hill-side beyond the church and solace herself with cigarette-smoking—an accomplishment she had taken up principally because it seemed "emancipated," the form which passed with her for the sort of reckless disregard of proprieties which an English or an American girl would erroneously term "strong-minded."

"I had so many different desires," she says pityingly of her old self. "I don't know where they all came from, or how I got them."

Poetry was getting to be

A Passion With Her,

and she kept a pencil and paper always at hand for verse-making. Wool work her aunt considered more suitable, and Helene used to sit in the evenings and fume inwardly over the white horse she was "filling in" with red wool.

"Your Pegasus, there he is," her cousins would say tauntingly, while Helene pulled her hot thread through, flushed-cheeked and awkward-fingered, and wondered why women need do such things, when so many more useful, better deeds were undone. She was beginning to feel herself, that the Lord *had* made a mistake, somehow, about her life. Confirmation gave her no fresh light, although she felt it a solemn hour, when she was adjured to "give God your heart and me your hand, that you will renounce the devil and all his works."

Home again! Her parents wished her to enter a business college, and she did so; but she did not like it, she liked nothing now-days.

"So many things came over me. I began to think how the world was made, and what my future would be. I laughed, but I was so unhappy. I used to

Sit Up Nights, and Smoke

and think about it. There seemed nothing to live for, and wished to die. Only to kill myself would make my mother unhappy, and I could not die of myself! But I meant if I lived to do something great. It was always verse, verse then!"

Singing to the Crows

A woman of some note, to whom she took her verses, said, "There is a piece of a poet in you," and for a time, Helene was happy in that hope. She would write, and write only.

"We will not interfere," said her parents. "You will have your life to live after we are dead."

"Do not write yet," interpolated her patroness. "Live first. Do!"

Helene carried her desire to "do" to her Sunday-school woman, who found her a class of thirty-six poor little children, but, to our heroine's surprise, going to and from their wretched homes, and learning from them of the want and woe and sin of the world, only made her more miserable. How could she really help? How could even the cultured, free, "emancipated" woman of her ideal

Beat Back the Ocean of Misery

which surged through the streets of Copenhagen? Someone gave her a look just now into the awful depths to which her own sex had sunk all round her, and the old, wild despair and weariness of life came back tenfold. Beside, her latest heroine had taught her to disbelieve in the very existence of God. Atheism eats the heart out of poetry, and Helene turned her attention to anatomy. She would be a doctor.

"My wish to die came back. I was well, and strong, and bright. But there was no meaning in life. Through my Sunday school class, I had seen how much unhappiness was in the world. Why should I live?"

One of the marks of an "emancipated" woman, to her mind, however, was a willingness to examine into all forms of religious belief and worship; so, when Major Perry opened his Zinnsgade hall, Helene was in his first meeting. She liked his face, and she was interested in his struggles with the Danish language, but when, in answer to his reiterated query, "Who will seek Salvation to-night?"

A Thick-Tongued Drunkard

cried, "I will!" and falling at the penitent-form, wept, calling on the name of Jesus, Helene felt that the laws of decorum had been transgressed too far, and decided to demand an explanation from Major Perry. She waited long after the meeting was ended, but the press was too great for her to reach him before he had left the hall. She gave her stern rebuke to a Swedish girl-officer she found near the door. The lassie smiled into her mentor's face.

"Yes, but is it not just for this sort of person that Jesus came?" she asked gently. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Helene was silenced—startled. The idea was so new, yet so self-evident. Had these people more like them? Could they sort straight her weary puzzle of a life for her? She came again and again. She questioned and listened.

She does not quite know when the last chain snapped. That she does not has sometimes been a source of great temptation to her. But somehow, at last, Christ set her free with the freedom which means power to bring into conformity to His will every thought, word and action. One by one, she laid at His feet the old ambitions. One by one, she turned from the old idols to the

Vision of the Crucified.

Through pains of parting manifold, she found herself, one day, free to lead the life God marked out for her, indeed an "emancipated" woman!

He set her first at a desk in Copenhagen Headquarters. He narrowed her life to the straight road of a Salvation Army officer. He has taught her to love the yoke of obedience, not only to Christ but to her appointed leaders for Christ's sake. She follows Him to-day, up and down the slums of London. It is too soon yet for us to be able to trace out the thorns and roses on the Army path she has trodden for two years. But she has found life worth living long enough for her story to have some weight, we trust, with other high-spirited, fiery-hearted girls, impatient of conventionalities, and longing for some quick way of bettering a world whose realities they are just waking up to.

"God gave me a promise once, far back, which I did not understand," Helene Berg said, as she paused in our office the other day. "It was that He gave to John the Baptist, that I should make ready a people prepared for the Lord. I did not understand it then. But is it not just what my Army work is?"

And of all the proud letterings which her fancy used once to see after a name she meant to make famous, there is none to-day, on which the gold would ever have been as enduring as we trust it to be on her title—Helene Berg, Adjutant.

S. F. Swift.

SHE IS NOT TIRED OF IT.

Dear Editor.—I felt to-day I would like to send a few lines to my comrade officers, soldiers, and friends. I am able to say,

"I am an Army soldier,
In the battle-field I fight,
And I mean to live for Jesus,
And work with all my might."

Though not in the front of the battle, yet I feel that out here in the West there is a great need for me to do something for God and precious souls, but we can praise God because He is helping us. We have started prayer, or rather a sort of revival meeting, where we sing, speak, and pray, and try to win others to Christ. We have had the joy of seeing souls born into the Kingdom. I am living beneath the smile of God, and realize Jesus is pleased with me. The fire burns brightly in my soul. Praise God. I do not forget to pray that God will bless our Army, its people, and work. Yours for God,

Capt. Lizzie [illegible]

The Salvation Army in Victoria, B. C.

The Community's Tolerance—Flaring Dram Shops—Female Degradation—Pulpit Platitudes.

On the evening of the 23rd ult., whilst strolling through the streets of Victoria, my ear caught the sound of music which I soon discovered proceeded from the band of the Salvation Army. The Captain had selected for her operations the point known to the citizens as "Campbell's Corner," the rendezvous, especially towards evening, of the dudes,

GAMBLERS AND NEWSMONGERS

of the town. A goodly crowd had already assembled, increasing in proportion as the meeting proceeded, and as I listened to the words spoken by the Captain and others, and surveyed the rather motley company, comprising different nationalities, I readily yielded to a feeling of pleasure, that there were courage and self-denial enough to take a stand such as this.

To urge the claims of Christ and religion at the very door of

THE SALOON AND BILLIARD ROOM,

certainly argues the presence of zeal, and, let me add, to suffer its being done without interference speaks well for the tolerance of the community.

Objectionable as may be the ordinary methods of the Army, with which their work in England has made us familiar, yet as I looked here at the chief workers, and then around at the flaring dram-shops and saloons—the too many examples that could be seen, on the outskirts of the crowd, of female degradation, and then listened to the message delivered with earnestness and directness, though perhaps with wearisome iteration, I could not, if I would, criticise. Nay, but on the contrary, an eager longing possessed me to become in some way thus useful to others.

The scene was not without its impressiveness of aspect—the busy thoroughfare, the electric light, from its lofty eminence, casting a pale-moon-like brilliancy upon the crowd,

IMPARTED A WEIRD APPEARANCE

to the whole, while the kneeling Salvationists, in their peculiar garb, one of their number, the Captain, leading in either fervid prayer or personal appeal, the clear ringing tones of her voice penetrating the noise of passing vehicles, and reaching with ease the limits of the gathering—added the most interesting phase.

The picture became still more striking as the darkness deepened and the soldiers lighted their lamps, holding them aloft so as to throw a brighter light, this giving greater contrast to the surrounding gloom. I bear willing testimony to the vigorous words spoken by all who took prominent part in the proceedings. There was nothing in the whole to offend the most prudish.

THE READY TACT

displayed by the Captain was admirable, especially perhaps in the matter of finance, so essential in a good Salvationist. Nor would I omit mentioning the generosity of the listeners. Instead of derision and stones, they pelted dollars and other coins.

This novel prayer and testimony meeting, held at the very door of a drinking saloon, and in the centre of a town whose necessities for true, consecrated work are conspicuous, was to me a unique light.

If there was, as I have already said, nothing in the proceedings that could be fairly objected to, at least by those who fall in with the customary revival services, there was much to convey a useful lesson to many of the

EASY-GOING DISPENSERS OF PULPIT PLATITUDES,

who need never distressfully apprehend much antagonism from the devil or his kingdom.

And in the simple, unadorned, and it may be crudely expressed, testimonies of those men who spoke of God's goodness and Christ's power to save others, because He saved them, there was much in contrast to the self-confident utterances of too many professors or Church members, who frequently garb their unrealities by the language of a lab-red humbleness.

I left the gathering, not converted it is true to the Army, but more impressed and edified than on any other occasion I had attended their meetings.

I have heard the "General" at Exeter Hall, and almost all the other members of his family at different places, but these great "Field Days" did not yield the same edification that this illustration of a small detachment of the Army "at work" has done.

If these people but shame the churches out of

THEIR INACTIVITY AND SLOTH,

and into an awakening sense of their culpable neglect of obligation and responsibilities, their mission shall have proved a great and noble one.

Only let them take care of suffering, as has been too frequently the case with other such movements, their zeal to be deteriorated by the condescending patronage that they may receive from many who, in earlier days, scorned and derided them.

J. J.

MAJOR BAUGH'S MEANDERINGS.

Competition's New Barracks—Two Babies Dedicated. A Garrison Full of Cadets—On a Schooner—The Name of Rest—A Night Aboard.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Just a line once more, to give you an idea that we are

NOT DEAD, NOR DYING,

down this way. Hallelujah! Since my last to you, we have opened the new barracks at Campbellton, Bay, and Mrs. Jacobs were there. Although the Brigadier was away a bit ill with fever, and unable to get in charge of the meetings, we had a precious time. Ensign Rogers, Captains Carey and Calkin, had worked night and day to get things in time, and Captain Marsh and Lieut. Buhar had those all they could to make it a success. We held our first meeting on Sunday night, and then on Sunday did not feel so strange there. The weather was stormy, but our crowds were good, and the services was stamped by the Holy Ghost deep on many a heart. The banquet on Monday was a good one, and the last second banquet here in a few months, but it was a good one, every one are the people to provide a banquet. Capt. Marsh reports a good case of conversion since, so Campbellton is getting well on the way for glorious victories. We went to Chatham for Tuesday night, presented colors, and

DEDICATED TWO BABIES

to the Lord. Let me tell you the names the mothers gave to these two little ones. Who are just starting on life's journey. One was Eva Booth; the other, Annie Simms. Good names the Chatham people. Capt. Emma Allen and Lieut. Poole have some nice people there.

We managed Newcastle for Wednesday and Thursday night. We had a Holiness meeting the first night, and several professed themselves to the Lord. On Thursday night Miss Scobie sang a Scotch song, "In English of it was," "Ye are all welcome Home." We had a good time, and since then Capt. Hall reports several conversions from the enemy. I tell you, there is a change in Newcastle corps for the better since I saw it first.

I was also at Moncton since my last Sport. Capt. Hughes and Lieut. McBain are here, with the

GARRISON FULL OF CADETS,

and there are a few new faces on the platform.

When I was at Fredericton for a night with Capts. Boyce and Lieut. Francis and those faithful ones. They have a good corps, and are saved, in uniform, and willing to be, or do, all they can for Jesus' sake.

Woodstock is now under the command of Capt. Wiseman and wife. They have had some good cases of conversion, got a dobt of the band, and should have a glorious time.

From there I went to St. Stephen. Capt. Brooks has had to go on a rest. His voice gave out. Lieut. Gowan is well able to hold the fort. Captain C. McLean and wife are reaping there, so come to our help, so that McLean from LaTete, so we had a good time.

Next I have to board the boat on the grass side, for I went to Grand Manan Island. This boat went no farther than Lepreaux, then we go about

TWENTY MILES BY THE SCHOONER

Emma, and enjoyed it splendidly. The Captain and mate were very kind, and we had Old Cap. McRae smiling on the beach when we arrived at the Island. I stayed here from Thursday till Monday, and could like to have stayed longer. They are a kind-hearted lot of people, and his splendid looking spot. Grand Manan is a fish resort, go to Grand Manan. We said not get a wind to take us back to airport just as quick as some wished to be there, but I enjoyed a night on the ocean properly.

On Tuesday I was with Ensign Matthews and Capt. Raynor and the girl Cadets at St. John.

THEY ARE A PROPER CROWD,

and had a proper time, but if I say too much I may make them proud, or the worthy D. O. of that Division may be jealous, so I'll just go on to Sussex after calling at the Rothesy Home of Rest to see how they are there. Capt. Fielder and Brig. and Mrs. Jacobs. Capt. Hartney and the others, are well cared for by Mrs. Ensign Fisher. God bless them all. I was much pleased with Sussex. We had a good time, and the converts saved during the latter part of the last officers' stay, are holding out well, and Capt. Smith and Lieut. Brehaut like the place and people, and I hope to go there soon for the presentation of colors and enrolment of soldiers. I will stop now, and write you again in a few days.

WM. BAUGH.

A Most Interesting Letter.

(By a St. Johns, N.F., correspondent.)

DEAR "WAR CRY."—As I write, the success of St. Johns are made vocal by the singing of the glad Invincibles of the corps are out for the mayor prayer to the evening meeting, and their sensational voices are almost enough to wake up the dead—*I mean, of course,* the "dead in trespasses and sins."

There is no question about the necessity for the S.A. in this country, not that there is any lack of preaching and ministerial services. There is preaching enough in Newfoundland to save its entire population in one year, if it were attended with

The True Motive Power

and pushed up to practical issue.

The late Rev. James Caughey, from whom General Booth caught an inspiration, was not only aided in his revival efforts, but fitted thereby for his more strict attention to the doctrine propounded by the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, in the following words:—

"But all this spiritual and rational preaching will be of no avail, unless another means, of God's own choosing, be superadded to give it an effect—the light and influence of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit of life and fire penetrates, in a moment, the sinner's heart, and drags out to the view of his conscience

Those Innumerable Crimes

which he concealed there under successive layers of deep and thick darkness, when, under that luminous burning agency, he is compelled to cry, "God have mercy upon me, a sinner!" "Save, Lord, or I perish!" "Heal my soul, for it hath sinned against Thee!"

Mr. Caughey's adherence to the Holy Ghost doctrine of Dr. Adam Clarke, believing it to be the *sine qua non* of a successful Christian life, was the secret and cause of the wonderful results that crowned his evangelical labors. But, apparently, those who have held the fort in this country for the last hundred years are quite satisfied with the order of things existing, and do not see the necessity for the S.A. to come to the help of God by the

Introduction of Innovators

reaching doctrines which are not compatible with

The Social and Religious Usages

of the people.

Here is what one writes (probably a clergyman) in a local paper:—

"The fact is, Mr. Editor, the S.A. in this country is doing more mischief; it has sneered at the work of faithful men and women, ignored their work in day-schools and churches, as that now, owing to the late meetings, the Sabbath is made night is made hideous by the noise of those who profess to have been at a religious meeting."

This, I suppose, may be regarded as a terrible denunciation! The writer is evidently superstitious, or objects to fife and tin tongues. But there he says, "The *fact* is, Salvation Army has left the Salvation Army do or say what it may, this sad perturbation influenced the mind of the writer, when in penned this flimsy letter? Where is the foundation for this "fact is," and "the *fact is*," both facts (?) contradicting each other, and,

Like Samson's Foxes,

pulling in opposite directions?

I was writing, not long ago, of "The Origin of Success in the Salvation Army," and I repeat, it has been wonderfully successful. But "success" is a very uncertain and sometimes almost undesirable term. It is comparatively easy to define the term negatively, but not so easy to define it positively.

It is not simply the accomplishment of certain objects by the employment of superior means. It is not simply, nor is it simply victory over an opponent, or even fancied opposition, by the exercise of superior physical or intellectual ability. It is not indicated by powers and brilliant achievements.

True success may be compatible

With Apparent Defeat.

It is not indicated by numbers, or by any social or political status, but rather by the principle involved, and the conservation of that principle by any number of persons, however singular, small, weak, and unpopular they may be.

When General Booth realized the necessity of a Gospel Mission, coming in direct contact with the fallen and degraded masses of London, and started on *his* work, in 1865, popular feeling was against him, the churches were against him, reviling him, and his movement and his plan of action as being unfavorable to church order. Notwithstanding the amazing success that attended the General's mission at the outset, the same opposition that had been shown against *all reformers fell* to his lot, and it was not long before the churches that once reeel red him with open arms, wreaked their vengeance upon him, and left him without a respectable building in which to conduct his services.

This was not to be wondered at. It was the same when reforms originated. General Booth, although destined

To Supply an Important Want

in the machinery of the world, for the social and religious amelioration of mankind, was not to have an easier course than John Wesley, and many other *reformers who had preceded him.*

He was a religious innovator, an introducer of new-fangled religious ideas, and the world did not like him. But the General was too tough a customer to be outdone by physical obstruction, or by mental opposition, or by ridicule, or by the pelting *stones and mud of the mob. He went* right on, and the result is manifest. He is delivering his message in the open-air and in any available shelter,

Winning Triumphant Victories

in the shortest possible space of time. Thousands from the reeking hot-beds of depravity in the slums of London hung upon his words, and large numbers of converstons were daily chronicled, as a result of his mission.

The innovator very soon won the favor of the masses, and the sympathy and support of the very best men, of all denominations throughout Christendom. The General believed that his mission was warranted by the Bible, and I do not think that the person who understands to controvert that belief has soy easy task before him. There is

Plenty of Room

in the world for all reforms, and for all reformers, and room for each one to follow his own peculiar method of action.

The Divine is sometimes very different from the human order. Who would have thought Gideon's splendid army of 32,000 should be reduced to 300? and yet so it was, and the Lord said unto Gideon, "By the 300 men that lapped will I save you."

This strikes hard at the ideas and customs, and essentialities of those who reared the S.A. on a more inferior body. The vision of a cake of barley, under the wild and inscrutible direction of God, was more powerful to put to consternation the numberless multitude of camels and their riders Gideon, and had a fully equipped army of two and thirty thousand men. It was a very novel and unique arrangement when Joshua was directed

To Compass the Walled and Fortified City

of Jericho "once every day for six days, and seven times on the seventh day," (the Sabbath) bearing simply "trumpets of ram's horns."

Surely the grotesque General must have appeared in a most ludicrous aspect, as he pursued his "*irregular, irrational, and fruitless mission, from day to day,* meandering around hopeless his walls, waiting for the miraculous intervention of Divinity speaking, as an utter impossibility. It not at all unlikely that popular feeling and opinion, the General Parsons with sentimental and cynical Bramwells would certainly regard Joshua as anything but a sane individual. And, besides, oh! it was on a Sunday that Joshua was doing

Seven Times as Much

paradeasan any other day of the week. Only think, on that day, Sunday blowing those frightful ram's horns, and *shouting those hideous noise!* What is the end of it to be? Then they forgot that God chooses the "foolish things of the world to confound the wise and the weak things to confound the mighty," and on the seventh day General Joshua, with compassed and shouting faith in the Divine purpose unwavering to the last, "command to his few faithful followers, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!" and immediately the walls fell down flat.

The weakest and most despised instrument may be used by God to accomplish his greatest purposes in the affairs of human life.

Yours, etc.,

THE DRUMMER.

"I wonder may times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him."—*Samuel Rutherford.*

THAT TOBACCO AGAIN

DEAR EDITOR,—In a recent issue of the WAR CRY you had an article on "Tobacco." If you think the following would be (with God's help) the means of causing some poor undecided soul to come to a decision in the matter, *you may publish it.* Otherwise relegate it to the W.P.B. as you deem best for the cause.

I was addicted to the use of tobacco by chewing, smoking and sniffing, for over 30 years, and after I became a soldier of the Salvation Army, all the customary arguments were brought to bear on me, and every inducement was offered to me to discontinue it. Officers, S. A. Soldiers, Christians, and others, tried in their various ways to get me give it up, but I failed to be convinced. I was, however, in earnest about giving God my heart service, and

I BEGAN TO REFLECT,

that, as I had got into a habit of communing with God, as I walked the *streets*, and at other times when my attention was not occupied by business affairs, I thought I could not very well do this, and smoke. Of course at this juncture the devil had to put in his suggestions, which I paid as heed to. I went on my knees and asked advice of God. I was afterwards in great doubt, when I had occasion to call upon a Salvation Soldier on business. He had seen me the night previous with a pipe in my mouth. After I had transacted my business with him, he asked me was I saved? I answered, "Thank God, yes." To my mind his question was evidently a leading one and had more beyond that I wanted to get at, so I said to him, "Why do you ask?" "Oh! I saw you smoking." Well, it is needless to repeat all that passed, he only advanced the same arguments as others had done until I was four hours leaving him, when, after a short pause, he said,

"WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

Would Jesus smoke?" This was a presentation of the case in a new light. The idea seemed to me so ridiculously absurd that I burst into a fit of convulsive laughter. I then refused up to my mind (I say is with all reverence) the picture of Jesus walking with a pipe in his mouth, or sniffing or chewing before his mouth—that satisfied me. What would Jesus do? I wanted to do what Jesus would do, and I was convinced Jesus would not have smoked, or chewed, or snuffed, any more than He would have committed any other impure act. I made up my mind there and then, and asked God for special strength to resist the desire, and He has been pleased to help me. I have not had the least desire for tobacco since that time. I sold my pipes and tobacco and gave the proceeds to the "Mercy of Salvation" Fund. Now, I was

A TOBACCO SLAVE

the same as I was a drink slave. Yet, when I was convinced in my soul I was a victim to God's grace, and cried to Him for mercy. He not only heard my prayer and *pardoned my sins, but, glory to His name,* He has kept me from them ever since, and has taken from me the desire or appetite for both drink and tobacco, and given me the desire in my soul to entire others into the Ark of Safety. Bear in mind, I was in earnest, and my appeals were all from the heart. I am satisfied there is no real hypocrisy in being a downright Christian, and I find it is generally the lukewarm or half-and-half servants of the Lord that slip off the Rock wherever a weak point, doubt or ignorance a little larger than usual happens to wash up

OVER THEIR DROWNED BODIES.

For real happiness a full consecrated life is the only source. No petty ideas or fond doubtfuls can stand. Be in earnest, and from the heart.

Yours in Christ,

A SEEKERESS.

Prison Gate Deliverances at the Antipodes

ADJUTANT BURFOOT INTERVIEWED.

(From the Deliverer.)

Adjutant Burfoot, one of the most experienced officers in connection with the Prison Gate work of Australia has just received orders to farewell, and proceed to Africa, where similar work awaited him. Feeling that the valuable store of information the Adjutant possessed would be of much *interest and service to our readers,* and that my opportunity of acquiring some of it would soon be gone, I watched him warily as a cat watches a mouse, swooped down on him, note-book in hand, the moment I saw a chance.

Sitting together in the little enquiry office the Adjutant began somewhat as follows:—"*When stationed in Auckland, New Zealand,* it was always my custom to seek out the worst characters in the city, and by showing a friendly, sympathetic spirit towards them I soon obtained their confidence. In many instances also to assume and charged him with stolen property on his premises, and sure enough there would be found the goods he had bought of this strange traveller had been stolen.

Certainly he was not to blame, for he had known nothing whatever of the theft; but, in spite of his protestations, he was brought before the bench and committed for trial. He came out with twelve of his fellow-sufferers found him guilty, and he was imprisoned for four years. During this time his poor children were scattered all over the city, with the exception of one boy who had been placed in the Industrial School.

"When the father came to me at the expiration of his sentence, he was ignorant of the whereabouts of his children. This was his first trouble, and we rendered him every assistance in searching for them, and the poison which his personal to take. After he had remained in the Home for some time, he was successful in getting employment as an assistant wardsman in the hospital; and when I last heard of him, he had so gained the respect and confidence of those in authority, that they had placed him in the position of steward of the institution.

"During the ten months of my stay here, many other notable conversions have taken place, but one that stands out prominently in my mind (I say is with all reverence) the picture of Jesus walking with a pipe in his mouth or sniffing or tobacco juice from his mouth—that satisfied me. What would Jesus do? I wanted to do what Jesus would do, and I was convinced Jesus would not have smoked, or chewed, or snuffed, any more than He would have committed any other impure act. I made up my mind there and then, and asked God for special strength to resist the desire, and He has been pleased to help me. I have not had the least desire for tobacco since that time. I sold my pipes and tobacco and gave the proceeds to the "Mercy of Salvation" Fund. Now, I was

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OVER THEIR DROWNED BODIES.

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Yours in Christ,

A SEEKERESS.

THE ST. JOHN I. BRASS BAND

Travels in the Interest of the Eastern Home of Rest.

MY DEAR WAR CRY,—

I suppose, to some extent, I would be neglecting my duty if I did not write a few lines concerning the recent tour of the St. John No. 1 brass band.

During the fifteen days we were on the wing we visited eight different corps.

Travelling 700 Miles,

and holding twenty-three meetings.

A number of interesting incidents crowed themselves into our recollections of that delightful period, and amongst the most interesting of all was the fact that this tour was at all arranged. It was not without some very hard work that it was brought to pass, but the chances of pushing the claims of God upon the attention of thousands of people and helping to raise much needed funds for the Home of Rest for sick and wounded warriors of the Eastern province were sufficient to induce us to make the necessary sacrifice, so business was squared up, and in some cases a number of days' leave of absence was procured, and off the band started, filling the morning air with the beautiful strains of "True, Lord, true as steel."

Spug Hill Mines.

About six hours in the cars brought us to our first stopping-place, Spring Hill Mines, where we spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Capt. Sadler and wife were found at the depot and soon made us feel at home. Those dear folks seem to know how to appreciate the Salvation Army. We had meetings were good and we had the joy of seeing two souls seek Salvation at the penitent form on Sunday night. The sons of

The Recent Terrible Disaster

was of interest to us, and through the kindness of the officials we were taken down the pit and pointed out the spots where the different men were found. We tried to imagine what must have been their feelings when met by the awful death, and made up our minds more than ever to live to get men and women prepared for the summons whenever it should come.

Our meetings at the Mines were good and the people helped the Home of Rest very substantially.

Pictou was our next appointment and we were met by the ever-active Capt. Savoy Blackburn, who, by the way, we found booked for Newfoundland. His orders came by telegram, and Captain Savoy was quite ready and never gone that way but the wires would not carry him, so he had to wait for the boat. Well, Sandy, I hope that God will bless you to your newly adopted country and give you many souls. Our stay here was very enjoyable. Adjutant and Mrs. Sharp were also waiting for our meetings were good. This with the kindness of the people, the beautiful town and waters, soured Pictou a place in our humble recollection.

A good crowd assembled in the Orange Hall at Westville and the presence of the Lord was with us. These dear soldiers, who also seem to be not acquainted with the joy in the pit, have got to go walk in the light of God. The Captain was away, but Mrs. Wright seems to be the Captain's counsellor, for she had charge and in hand and the band-boys appreciated her kindness and good taste in the tea she provided.

New Glasgow, Dartmouth, and Halifax I came next in succession, and at all these places we had the joy of seeing souls. Things boiled over at New Glasgow. Dartmouth looked well after the needs of the band-boys and saved one of the folks

Got Jumping Happy

at Halifax II. There are dark corners of the battle-field there, but for stout hearts and brave spirits, that give scope for boundless faith, but the Capt. at No. II. is bent on victory and yes Lord, by God's help, No. I. was our battle-ground for Sunday and Monday, and grand meetings we had from knee-drill to finish. As we approached the open-air stand at night and viewed the people that stood around, we thought, "I'm not the worst preacher that the dear people's justification of our methods." The Salvation Army does not take its stand or step of its boots in open spaces or on pleasant parks, but like the precious Master they profess to follow, they go to seek and

Save That which is Lost,

and the open-air meeting of Sunday night indeed seemed specially adapted for that effort. On Monday night in the open-air one of the band-boys came to me and said: "Capt. God has given me the desire of my soul to-night," and you can depend on it, that wonderfully helped my faith, and right through the remainder of that stand at the penitent-form came up before me. Did we have one? Yes, *bless God,* and one through the week.

Truro, Acadia Mines, Amherst, Moncton and Sussex next followed in turn, and of each of these I have a word to say, but visions of the W.B. rise up before me. As soon as we gave the invitation at Amherst a young man rose and

Came to the Penitent-Form,

and at Moncton a young woman who had been following the Lord after off-sums out and settled to follow Him fully.

Now, Editor, will you bear with me one moment longer? I feel this report would be incomplete if I did not mention the Sussex Junior Corps. Brigadier Jacobs has opened a beautiful House of Rest for the sick, and the Juniors have been busy in the East. The furnishing and rounding expenses were so heavy that it was $300 in debt, and by the time Sussex was reached the band travelled. At our own corps the first meetings for this purpose were arranged and the young people responded in a splendid manner. At many of the places visited the people did well. At Spring Hill Mines a lady led on by a dear soldier, Mrs. Sadler, and a gentlemen sent up $5, and as other donations came in we seemed to get so blessed we could only wonder. Oh, dear friends, if some who read these lines would, *it may* be, had but the privilege, have donated to this object, and we feel sure, if prayerfully remembering you of the words of our own blessed Lord: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these least of these My brethren ye did it unto Me."

Brig. Jacobs will be glad to receive your donation at 49 Sydney Street, St. John. N.B. CAPT. W. ANDREWS.

Sport Hill Mines.

Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus.
None like Him my way can cheer;
Let me tell you of His goodness,
Yield to Him my every care.

Jesus, He alone our portion,
Every blessing does supply;
Safely led through every danger,
Unto all His work ones edify.
Saved I feel 'tis good to be,
"Only Jesus" keeping me.

E.B.

"War Cry" & "Young Soldier"

COMPETITION LIST,

FOR ISSUE OF AUGUST 15th, 1891.

A Sad Fall Down East.
Brigadier Jacobs in Trouble.
The E. O. & Q. Falls Also.
The Central Follows Suit.
Brig. Spooner Again Goes Wrong.

Adjutant Addie Recedes—Major Baugh Turning the Corner—D.O. McIntyre Gradually Sinking—The Woodstock Division Does Bad Work. Falling 55—Major Calhoun Coming Forward—Newfoundland has Fallen, has Fallen!

†Eastern Brigade. Brig. Jacobs	6815
†East Ont. & Que. Brigade, Brig. Glover	5955
†Central Brigade, Brig. Margetts	5130
Western Brigade, Major Morris	4800
Hamilton Brigade, Brig. Spooner	4715
West Ontario Brigade, Brig. Philpott	4195

DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONS.

Winnipeg (Man.) Capt. Aikenhead	**800**
Victoria (B.C.) Capt. McIntyre	**750**
Montreal I (Montreal) Capt. Watson	**635**
St. John I (St. John) Capt. Andrews	550
Toronto II (Toronto) Capt. Coombs	475
Hamilton I (Hamilton) Capt. Hunter	455
Kingston (Kingston) Capt. Golden	420
Fredericton (Moncton) Capt. Boyer	400
Peterboro (Peterboro) Capt. J. Gale	400
Halifax I (Halifax) Capt. Ilett	400
London (London) Capt. Jones	375
Guelph (Woodstock) Capt. Turner	350
Chatham (Chatham) Capt. Gibbs	340
Ottawa (Ottawa) Capt. Connett	330
Barrie (Barrie) Capt. Miller	210

†TORONTO DIVISION.

ADJUTANT ADDIE in command.

Toronto II	Capt.	Coombs	475
Toronto V	"	Gerow	455
Toronto VI	"	Clark	410
Toronto I	"	Desson	305
Toronto IV	"	Wadds	255
Toronto III	"	Moss	200
Owen Sound	"	Milner	195
†Toronto VIII	"	Dowell	180
Toronto XIII	"	Snider	180
Toronto VII	"	Broadbelt	140
Toronto XI	"	Westacott	135
Toronto XII	"	Warder	130
Markham	"	Smith	100
Orangeville	"	Miles	85
Brampton	"	Jones	80
Shelburne	"	Isuor	75
			3400

·BRITISH COLUMBIA DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GRAYSON in command.

Victoria	Capt.	McIntyre	750
Vancouver	"	Frith	550
New Westminster	"	Coulter	535
Nanaimo	"	Fraser	400
Calgary	"	Reenie	310
			2540

LONDON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SWEETMAN in command.

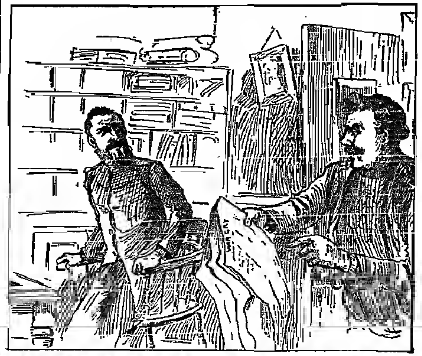
London I	Capt.	Jones	375
Stratford	"	Malcoe	165
Goderich	"	Scarr	170
London II	"	Wiggins	150
Listowel	"	Elliott	150
Seaforth	"	Branigan	140
Sarnia	"	Smith	140
Petrolia	"	Cowan	135
Palmerston	"	Armstrong	125
Strathroy	"	Pepper	110
Forest	"	Sloto	100
Wingham	"	Moore	90
Mitchell	"	Thackery	90
Clinton	Capt.	Hayes	90
Wiarton	"	Barber	85
Watford	"	Fisher	80
Parkhill	"	Parker	75
St. Marys	"	Francis	75
Brussels	"	Freeman	75
			2440

*MONCTON DIVISION.

MAJOR BAUGH in command.

Fredericton	Capt.	Boyer	400
Charlottetown	"	Fradsham	200
Moncton	"	Hughes	195
Woodstock	"	Watson	180
Chatham	"	F. Allan	175
St. Stephen	"	Brooks	170
Spring Hill Mines	"	McLean	165
Pictou	Capt.	Knight	150
Amherst	"	Larder	150
Newcastle	"	Leavitt	150
Summerside, P.E.I	"	Allen	115
*Parrsboro'	"	Clarke	115
Campbellton	"	Geltie	100
St. George	"	McLean	90
Hillsboro	"	Gordon	75
			3455

CRYING OVER SPILT MILK.



D.O. SHARP (rushing into Brigadier Spooner's office). "Oh! Brigadier, bad news this week. My division for the past few weeks has been steadily rising, but at last it has fallen, and a bad fall it is too. Time after time old PAT has tried to encourage me in the circulation of the CRY in my division, and I have steadily plodded on, but this latest fall is a bad one, from which I shall not soon recover. What shall I do? How can I retrieve my lost character? What will the D.O's say? This is the latest!"

BRIG. SPOONER—"No good to cry over spilt milk, my dear D.O. You have got over difficulties before, and you can get over this one. Advise each of your F. O's to add 10 CRYS and 10 Y. S. to their present order and all will be well."

HALIFAX DIVISION.

ADJUTANT COLLIER in command.

Halifax I	Capt.	Ilett	400
Windsor	"	Desbrisay	215
New Glasgow	"	Kimble	210
Halifax II	"	Bent	200
Liverpool	"	Hynde	165
Halifax III	"	Ashford	150
North Sydney	"	Alward	150
Dartmouth	"	Gardiner	140
Acadia Mines	"	Pettis	130
Westville	"	Wright	125
Truro	"	Beggs	110
Lunenburg	"	Holman	80
Stellarton	"	Ralase	80
Cow Bay	"	LeDrew	80
Sydney	"	Davis	75
			2320

MANITOBA DIVISION.

MAJOR MORRIS in command.

Winnipeg	Capt.	Aikenhead	800
Brandon	"	Lowry	500
Portage la Prairie	"	Hilte	250
Neepawa	"	Isaacson	170
Selkirk	"	Orum	150
Carberry	"	Edmonds	130
Emerson	"	McGill	125
Morden	"	Gordon	125
			2250

MONTREAL DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL in command.

Montreal I	Capt.	Watson	635
Quebec II	"	McGoinness	250
Sherbrooke	"	Fox	180
Montreal II	"	Myles	175
Bedford	"	McKoo	115
Chesterville	"	Tovill	110
Lachute	"	Osmond	100
Coaticooke	"	Goodwin	100
Maxville	"	Liddell	100
W. Winchester	"	Harding	100
Waterloo	"	Crowe	85
Cowansville	"	Botten	85
Richmond	"	Ash	75
Knowlton	"	McClenaghan	75
			2185

†KINGSTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. McINTYRE in command.

Kingston	Capt.	Golden	420
Gananoque	"	Bradley	235
Belleville	"	Barber	210
Cobourg	"	Worr	160
Napanee	"	Kett	150
Madoc	"	Cragg	110
Deseronto	"	Cameron	105
Picton	"	Forman	105
Campbellford	"	Cardiff	100
†Bloomfield	"	Whyte	100
Trenton	Capt.	Brokenshire	95
Brighton	"	Grainger	90
Norwood	"	Handicott	85
Tweed	"	Vanluskirk	75
Bath	"	Waldron	75
			2115

ST. JOHN, N. B., DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. COUSINS in command.

St. John I	Capt.	Andrews	550
St. John V	Ens.	Matthews	[illegible]

Yarmouth	Capt.	D. Creighton	225
St. John III	"	Byers	140
St. John II	"	McNamara	130
Digby	"	McDonald	130
Carleton	"	Lauder	120
Fairville	"	Allan	115
Bear River	"	Roach	115
Bridgetown	"	Allen	115
Annapolis	"	McLean	100
			2055

†WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SHARP in command.

Guelph	Capt.	Turner	350
Galt	"	Ashton	300
Woodstock	"	Savage	250
Ingersoll	"	Mutton	250
St. Thomas	"	Gardiner	200
Berlin	"	Fisher	140
Paris	"	Cargill	135
Tilsonburg	"	Masseear	115
Norwich	"	Harrison	100
†Ayr	"	White	85
Acton	"	Davies	75
			2010

CHATHAM DIVISION.

ADJT. HOWELL in command.

Chatham	Capt.	Gibbs	340
Windsor	"	Greatrex	200
Ridgetown	"	Hay	160
Essex Centre	"	McIntyre	125
Wallaceburg	"	Ogilvie	100
Kingsville	"	Wells	95
Dresden	"	Hulpany	90
Blenheim	"	Rowe	85
Leamington	"	Sergeant	85
Wheatley	"	Hume	80
Bothwell	"	Mudge	80
Comber	"	Staigers	80
Amherstburg	"	Markle	80
Thamesville	"	McKague	75
Tilbury Centre	"	Junkin	75
			1755

PETERBORO DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY in command.

Peterboro	Capt.	Gale	400
Port Hope	"	McKenzie	250
Bowmanville	S.-C.	Banks	210
Oshawa	Capt.	White	200
Lindsay	"	Butler	160
Whitby	"	Murray	100
Uxbridge	"	Barker	95
Omemee	"	Cass	90
Millbrook	"	Stockton	85
Sutton	"	A. Marshall	75
Fenelon Falls	"	Woods	75
			1730

OTTAWA DIVISION.

ADJUTANT LEONARD in command.

Ottawa	Capt.	Connett	330
Cornwall	"	Webb	265
Perth	"	Woolley	160
Pembroke	"	Payne	140
Brockville	"	Ludgate	135
Morrisburg	"	Irvine	130
Kemptville	"	Todd	115
Carleton Place	"	McKinnon	110
Cobden	"	Parker	105
Prescott	"	Evans	90
Renfrew	"	Martin	75
			1655

HAMILTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHALL in command.

Hamilton I	Capt.	Hunter	[illegible]
Brantford	"	Baker	[illegible]
St. Catharines	"	Maltby	[illegible]
Dundas	"	Heift	[illegible]
Oakville	"	Stubbs	[illegible]
Simcoe	"	Dean	[illegible]
Hamilton II	"	Freer	[illegible]
Niagara Falls	"	Hewitt	[illegible]
Welland	"	Thompson	[illegible]
			[illegible]

*BARRIE DIVISION.

MAJOR CALHOUN in command.

Barrie	Capt.	Miller	[illegible]
*Orillia	"	Ayrs	[illegible]
Parry Sound	"	Williams	[illegible]
Collingwood	"	Richardson	[illegible]
Bracebridge	"	Boyd	[illegible]
Midland	"	Wiseman	[illegible]
Newmarket	"	Gale	[illegible]
Gravenhurst	"	Ellery	[illegible]
Huntsville	"	Boxall	[illegible]
Stayner	"	Johnson	[illegible]
Hillsdale	"	King	[illegible]
			[illegible]

†NEWFOUNDLAND.

MAJOR SCOTT in command.

*St. John's II	Capt.	Bendricks	[illegible]
St. John's I	Adjt.	Taylor	[illegible]
*Harbor Grace	Capt.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Carbonear	"	Janes	[illegible]
*Little Bay	"	French	[illegible]
Bay Roberts	"	Lieut. Moss	[illegible]
Burin	Capt.	Tilley	[illegible]
			[illegible]

NOTES.

BY PAT.

Have I not been anxiously waiting for those Newfoundland returns? Well, they have at last arrived, and according to Major Scott's figures things look black.

This, of course, makes the Eastern Brigade suffer accordingly, and it has gone down to the low figure of 6,815. Now, what doth hinder the E.O. & Q. Brigade?

But the latter Brigade will never outrun the former, for there is this week a fall-off in that. Too bad! Too bad!

Just when things seem to look bright and when *prospects are good for a splendid* rise, down goes some station, and my hopes are scattered.

Really, I had a better opinion of the Central than to see it fall. This Brigade above all others should continue to rise.

I shall most decidedly have to set Major Morris on Brigadier Margetts' track, for I sincerely believe he can conquer the Central. Oh, what a time there would be!

But Major Morris must make a move, and not fold his arms at 4,800 because *that will never do. However, I know he'll* take the hint.

Down goes the Hamilton Brigade to 4,715. That's too bad indeed, and if this state of things goes on much longer, I verily believe the W.O.B. will make Brig. Spooner look small.

* * *

Again has Adjt. Addie fallen, and again is his total reduced thirty. I don't like these falls.

Now, if D.O. Grayson could add another 172 to each of *her stations, where would* the Toronto Division be? Echo—in the dark.

Congratulations to you, D.O. Sweetman. Of course you are now interested in a copy, but I feel confident that your interest in THE CRY will never abate.

Another 101 and you will regain your lost position, which should be above D.O. Grayson. Can you do it? Will you do it? You ought to.

Say, you'll have to watch Major Baugh, for I notice he has gone up a *few copies* and is still going up. Narrow is the gulf betwixt him and you, and he will yet accomplish your defeat.

D.O. McIntyre has retraced his steps a little. This again is too bad. I am sorry, but shall hope for the better.

It is no wonder that D.O. Sharp perspires. That fall of 55 was enough to make any D.O. feel bad. What does his Brigadier think? I know not; oh, I know not.

I am more than pleased at the way the Barrie D.O. is pushing *things*. Again he has added a few, turning the 11 hundred into a 12. Oh, that he could make it 2,491!

The Newfoundland Division has received a severe shaking this week. Last week I said I would give the alterations, and here they are:—

St. Johns II. takes		250
Harbor Grace	"	100
Little Bay	"	80
Its total now is		850
instead of		925

* * *

Toronto VIII. has again gone down 8 copies.

Orillia has risen 20 Y.S.

Poor Ayr, through its fall of 55 Crys, goes below Paris, Tilsonburg, and Norwich.

Bloomfield falls 10 Crys.

Parrsboro' adds 20 Y.S., and Sussex adds 5 Crys.

TRAINING GARRISON COMPETITION LIST.

Montreal I., T.F., (Capt. Watson)	325
Halifax I., T.G., (Capt. Illett)	300
Toronto VI., T.G., (Capt. Clark)	260
Toronto II., T.G., (Capt. Coombs)	250
St. John V., T.G., (Ensign Matthews)	200
Ottawa T.G., (Capt. Connett)	190
Toronto IV., T.G., (Capt. Wadds)	165
Bowmanville T.G., (Staff-Capt. Banks)	160
St. Johns I., N.F., T.G., (Adjt. Taylor)	130
St. Johns II., N.F., T.G., (Capt. Hendricks)	125
Toronto III., T.G., (Capt. Moss)	125
Moncton T.G., (Capt. Hughes)	120
Total	2350

THINGS I HAVE HEARD.

J. H. M.

"Lots of people, when the Spirit of God tells them to go somewhere or do something, are very willing to answer Him, but it is after this fashion—'Here am I; *send somebody else!*'"

"God wants His children to be in *spirit as a child, but in principle as a man.*"

"If you would live, you must have life. If you would have life (in the soul), you must have Christ. If you would have Christ, you must part with all sin and worldliness. Sin brings eternal death. *Christ gives eternal life.*" Which do you choose?

The devil is a warm friend of those Christians who never have any crosses to bear, simply because they are more like His Satanic Majesty than they are like Christ.

"Crosses that are borne needlessly, or are caused by our own foolishness, bring no benefit either to those who bear them or to anyone else. Crosses that come in accordance with God's will are sure to *bless some soul.*"

I heard of a man who believes that he has no need to work, since he has professedly given his heart to God, and is *seeking first the Kingdom*. Unfortunately, however, at least for her, his poor wife, does not enjoy such a wonderful experience, for, although she is doubtless a truly converted woman, she has to go out working hard nearly every day to earn something for herself and children. And what is far worse still, somehow or other, the Lord fails to supply "all else that is needful" for the lazy husband, and he has to fall back upon his wife's scanty earnings to fill his stomach. "He that will not work shall not eat." So the Lord commands. God save such lazy hypocrites!

The Salvation of Jesus Christ is not intended as a make-shift for death-beds, neither to be useful only in saving people from hell, but it is designed to save men and women from sin, that they may live in this world godly, righteous, and sober lives.

To enjoy the *place* called *Heaven*, you must get into the *state* called *Holiness*.

Heaven is a *place* of purity; Holiness is a *state* of purity.

God is the founder of Heaven; Christ is the foundation of Holiness.

What is a sinner? He is a union of a man in flesh and the devil in spirit.

What is a Christian? He is a union of a man in flesh and Christ in spirit.

How is a person to receive this change from a sinner to a saint? Only through the Lord Jesus Christ, for He alone is able to cast out devils, and He alone can give the Holy Spirit.

A man does not become a Christian by doing any good works, but God makes him a Christian by destroying the works of the Devil in his heart, and then putting His own Holy Spirit in place thereof, "to will and to do of His own good pleasure."

What is the difference between a man in his natural state and in a converted state? An unconverted man has power to will to do right, but at the same time there dwells within him a sinful nature (or spirit) stronger than His will, which compels him to do wrong. "For that which I do, I allow not, for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." On the other hand, a saved man is delivered from this sinful nature (or spirit), and he receives from God of His Spirit, thereby being empowered to perform that which he wills in doing right. "Thanks be unto God Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE VACANT CHAIR.

TO ANY POOR GIRL NEEDING A FRIEND. WRITE TO US. We Will Help You!

To PARENTS, RELATIVES and FRIENDS.

SEND US PARTICULARS OF

(a) Any poor girl fallen or in danger.
(b) Any friends you want to find.
(c) Any young persons you desire to be visited or looked after as to their souls' salvation.
(d) Respectability or otherwise of proposed situations.

NOTICE.—Address all letters, Commissioner D. M. Rees, Territorial Headquarters, Toronto, Ont. marked "Enquiry."

NEW LIST.

525 Information wanted of MRS. THOMAS TOBIN, whose maiden name was MARY ANN McCURRAN. She belonged to Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec. Her husband was a farmer and resided in or about Richmond in the same Province.—22-8-91.

520 Information wanted of MRS. BAWELL, who left the Eastern Townships 2 years ago. Was last heard of near Ottawa. She is a travelling gypsy. Her husband is a horse trader. Salvationists generally, please take notice, and make enquiry through gypsy bands of men and women. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

527 Information wanted of DAN DUCAN, who left Auckland, New Zealand, by the steamer "Alameda" for Montreal. Allan McKay, late of Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to hear from him or of him. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

521 Information wanted of LIZZIE BARON, formerly of England, who left Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, about 2 years ago. Was last heard of at Montreal. It is supposed that she attends Salvation meetings. She has a brother living near Ottawa. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

520 Information wanted of WILLIAM CLEGET, who left Wemdale, England, 23 years ago. Friends have been enquiring for him. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

519 Information wanted of RUEBEN KELLY, who left Bolarille for Peterboro' at the end of March of this year. His wife is anxious concerning him, and would very much like to hear from him or of him.—22-8-91.

518 Information wanted of THOMAS IRVINE, who left Peterboro' Ontario, 4 years ago intending to reside in British Columbia, instead of which he proceeded to San Francisco in the United States. His brother Andrew feels anxious about him.—22-8-91.

517 Information wanted of WILLIAM JOHN CAMPBELL, who left his home 3 years ago. Last heard of from Halifax, N.S., about two years ago. His sister Rachel died 26th of June this year. His mother, Ann Campbell, is the enquirer. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

516 Information wanted of ROBERT LOY MANN, aged 27 years, who left Hackney, London, England, about 11 years ago. Friends in England wishes to hear from him. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

515 Information wanted of JERRY and ANTHONY PELKY, natives of Hill Creek, Ontario, Canada. Their parents separated in Buffalo, N.Y., the mother taking Anthony. Jerry was brought up in Oswego, N.Y. Their brother, Thomas J. L. Pelkey, is anxious to hear about them. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

511 Information wanted of FRANK WILSON, who left Campbellton, New Brunswick, on the 12th July, 1881. He had been a brakesman on the Intercolonial Railway, and was injured at Beaver Brook. His mother is heart broken on account of not knowing his whereabouts. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

513 Information wanted of THOMAS OASSON, very tall broad built, dark hair, blue eyes, long nose. In *figure he has a stooping inclination.* Last heard of in March, 1878. At that time he was living at Sherbrooke in the Province of Quebec. May have removed to Western Canada. By trade a joiner. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

511 Information wanted of WILLIAM MORLEY, aged 15. Last heard of 2 years ago. Was in Shelburne, Ontario. Was employed lumbering or clearing land of brush growth trees, etc., etc.—22-8-91.

510 Information wanted of HARRIET SMITH from England. Came out from England some time ago. Her sister in England wants information from anyone knowing of her since coming to Canada, or at any time antecedent thereof.—22-8-91.

379 Information wanted of JOHN MAYES, about 60 years of age. When last heard from, he lived at Point St. Charles, Montreal. At the time he resided in Montreal, he had a son, by name Hubert, and 3 daughters. Montreal Salvationists, please make enquiry.—22-8-91.

423 Information wanted of HUGH A. CAMERON. When last heard from was in Greenlands, Australia. Australian and New South Wales Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

420 Information wanted as to ABNER SILVER. Last heard from over 3 years ago. He was then at Cheboygan, Michigan, U.S. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

430 Information wanted of WILLIAM S. COLLINS, formerly of Sault Ste. Marie. Last heard of in Owen Sound in the fall of the year 1889. His mother is the enquirer.—22-8-91.

431 Information wanted of ELLEN DAY, who left Tilbury Docks, England, by outgoing steamer for Canada, on 5th May, 1889. Supposed to be a Salvationist in Canada. She went to London, Ontario, as a general servant.—22-8-91.

432 Information wanted of W. A. CAMPBELL. Supposed to be in Portland, Oregon. By trade, foundryman. Left his wife and children in East Saginaw, Michigan, U.S., nearly six years ago. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

433 George Cowbery lately from Clerkenwell, England, is anxious to hear about a cousin, a young girl, by the name of BROWNJOHN. He arrived from England on 1st May last. He is at present in Watford.—22-8-91.

435 Information wanted of JOHN LATCHFORD, who came from England about 15 years ago. Was in the American Army 9 years ago. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

424 Information wanted of JANE BARRON nee BRYAN, with one child. Supposed to be living at Drumbo, Ontario.—22-8-91.

416 Information wanted of WALTER NICHOL, aged 38 years and over. Height 5 feet, reddish hair. Left England rather more than 10 years ago for the purpose of going to Mr. T. Hadley, Point St. Charles, Montreal. His last address was Mr. Harry Anderson & Co., contractors C P R, Co., Jack Fish Bay, Ontario. His mother is anxious about him. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

417 Information wanted of LEONARD GEORGE BATCHELOR, slight build, dark brown hair, between 17 and 18 years of age. *Walks with a swing.* Working at farming about Montreal for some time. A little more than a year ago, he was at Sutton Flats, Province of Quebec. His mother is very anxious to hear from him.—22-8-91.

419 Information wanted of CHARLES EZEKIEL LLOYD, aged over 57 years. Tall, well built. Known by the sobriquet of "Cockney Charlie." Rightly, he only has one Christian name, that is Ezekiel. He had been in the British Army. He is a native of Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire, England. Trade, blacksmith. Last heard of at Boston, U.S.A., on the eve of moving to St. John, New Brunswick. Enquiry from England with reference to him. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

420 Information wanted of AMBROSE WILTON. Blue eyes, height 5 feet 4 inches. Gentlemanly looking, probably dressed in grey. Ran away from Tiverton, Devonshire, England, on March 13th, 1891. It is supposed he sailed for Canada or the United States. His relatives are deeply distressed at his disappearance. All Salvationists and others please seek for him. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

421 Information wanted of WILLIAM STEVENSON. Left his home at Newfoundland about 3 years or more ago. When last heard of he was in Nanaimo, Vancouver, British Columbia. Has not been heard of for about 11 months. Supposed to have attended Salvation meetings, and converted. His mother is very anxious about him. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

422 Information wanted of ARTHUR WEST, aged 35. When last heard from, he was with a farmer by the name of [illegible] of Ontario.—22-8-91.

423 Information wanted of TILLY COLVILLE, the daughter of Edward Colville, who lived at [illegible] Street, Toronto. Supposed to have been with Mr. Foster, who worked at King & Brown's boot and shoe factory. It is supposed that she may be in Port Huron. She has not been heard of for about 10 years. Is now 19 years of age. Her brother is the enquirer. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

425 Information wanted of ROBERT THOMAS. Left Toronto 7 years ago. Carriagesmith by trade. Aged 28 years. Complexion fair, with blue eyes. Heard from in New Orleans, and last heard from when in Chicago. United States Crys please copy.—22-8-91.

427 Information wanted of PATRICK FLYNN. *His* sister, Mary Flynn, of Toronto, is the enquirer.—22-8-91.

REPRINTED FROM LAST WEEK.

500 Information wanted of GEORGE, JAMES, and ELIZABETH COOPER, who left Alton, England, for Buffalo, U. S. A. Supposed to be in the lumber business. Their brother is the enquirer. United States Cry please copy.—15-8-91.

499 Information wanted of WILLIAM MOORE, 21 years of age, height six feet, fair complexion. One finger on the left hand slightly bent. Supposed to be in Canada or the United States. By trade a coach builder. Left Kill, Coote Hill, County Cavan, Ireland, for Owen Sound, in the Province of Ontario, Canada. His sister is the enquirer. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

498 Information wanted of PATRICK GEAAFENY. When last heard of he was helping to build bridges with Thomas Tompkins, at Courtney Valley, Vancouver, B.C. Last heard of by his mother a year ago last Christmas. His poor mother is anxious about him. If himself or anyone knowing him or of him, will convey their knowledge of the same, they will confer a favour. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

497 Information wanted of EMMA PALMER or MRS. JOHN VAIL, last heard of in Moncton, New Brunswick. Age about 33 years, dark complexion. Left Summerside, Prince Edward Island, eight years ago.—15-8-91.

496 Information wanted of NELLIE CRAWFORD, who left Stanbridge, Province of Quebec, about 2 years ago, for Brooklyn, New York State. It is thought she left Brooklyn, but where gone to her friends know not. Hattie Lloyd is the enquirer. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

495 Information wanted of MARY WILSON, nee Jones, sometimes called Tilly Wilson (colored). Mother's name Phœbe Jane Wilson (white). Last known address of Tilly was Buffalo, U. S. The enquirer is her sister Bella, now Mrs. Smith, No. 6 Clinton Place, Toronto, Ont. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

494 JOSEPH McMILLAN, of Rat Portage, Ontario, wishes the address of his sister.—15-8-91.

493 Information wanted of ANNE HARRIS, who *left her home some time ago, has not been heard from* for more than a year. Her mother, Mrs. Webb, wishes to hear from her.—15-8-91.

492 Information wanted of JAMES BURR, last heard of six years ago. Supposed to be in Michigan, U. S. Age 41 years, dark complexion. His sister, Mrs. William Maredith, is anxious about him. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

491 Information wanted of the whereabouts of JOSEPH CHAMBERS, age about 27 years, who, with his sister and brother-in-law, one George Kelly, left Belfast, Ireland, about ten years ago. Has not been heard from for a number of years. Gravenhurst, Muskoka, corps S. A., please make enquiries. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

490 Information wanted of JOHN BIMSON, about *21 years of age, who left England seven years ago for* Ottawa, Ontario, to work upon the Canadian Pacific Railroad. His brother William is very anxious to hear from him or of him.—15-8-91.

489 Information wanted as to JOSEPH WALKER, age about 25 or 30 years, carpenter, dark complexion, gray eyes, dark hair mixed with gray. Supposed to be at Bracebridge, Ontario.—15-8-91.

488 Information wanted of GEORGE EDWARD ETHCONELL, who left his wife and five children in England last November. Is a native of Frampton Cotterell, was an omnibus conductor. Age 35 years. Height five feet six inches. Dark hair, fresh colour, with whiskers and moustache. American, Australian, and all foreign Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

481 Information wanted of WILLIAM MITTON, who married Mary Ann Calf. He left London, Eng., in the year 1879, for New Zealand. Was last heard from at Christchurch, New Zealand. His sister Rebecca wishes to hear from him or of him. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

415 Information wanted of ROBERT FLETCHER GEDDES, age 28, a sailor, last heard of at "The Seamen's Rest, Montreal," in 1885 and 1886. His build is short and stout, appearance of features prepossessing and commanding. His father is anxious about him. All Crys throughout the world, please copy.—15-8-91.

412 Information wanted of MRS. WILLIAM MYERS, whose maiden name was MARY REY. Her brother, Henry Rey, of Bracebridge, has not heard from her for some time.—15-8-91.

411 Information wanted of JOSEPH DORAN. When last heard of he was employed as cook in Mismatine Camp, Wexford County, Michigan, U.S. His mother, Mrs. John Doran, of Locktown, is anxious about him. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

410 Information wanted of CHARLES HAINES. He left his wife and two children in Port Elgin on 21st June, 1890. He is by trade a potter, and is a native of the United States. His wife is broken-hearted, owing to his desertion of herself and the children. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

409 Information wanted of MISS ANNIE LUGAR, who married William Smith. She left Bloomfield, Ontario, in 1881. When last heard from she was in Birmingham, Shelton County, Conn., U.S.A. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

405 Information wanted of *SARAH MATILDA DEVLIN*, who left Thornbury two years ago. Has not been heard from since. It is told that she was living on King Street East, with people by the name of Sterling.—15-8-91.

404 Information wanted of RICHARD MULLIGAN, who left Aldborough, near Wardsville, about thirty-six years ago. Last heard of in Sacramento, California. His niece, Mrs. Edwin Clum, Newbury, Ontario, enquires. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

403 Information wanted of CLARKEY HARLAND. His mother left him eighteen years ago. His age is 30 years. Dark hair, long black eyelashes, eyes light colour. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

402 Information wanted of SAMUEL DAVEY, who left his home in Napanee about five years ago. Last heard of in Watertown, New York State. Parents very anxious. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

509 Information wanted of HARRIET BALLS, age 15. Has not been heard of for three years. Was brought to Canada from Miss Rye's Home. Was in the service of Mrs. G. Noves, Brant Street, Burlington, near Hamilton, Ont. Her mother is very anxious about her. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

508 Information wanted of GOODWIN SMYTHE. Came to Toronto from England on the 23rd of April. Heavy drinker of spirituous liquor. His height is five feet eleven inches, fair hair, small blue eyes, no whiskers. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

507 Information wanted of WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, who left Birkenhead, England, eighteen years ago. His last address was Brampton, Ontario. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

506 Information wanted of ELIAS and JAMES SAWYER, who left England about [illegible] years ago. They were both born in St. Marys, Wilts, England. Both married, with families. United States Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

504 Information wanted of JOHN CANDLIN. Height, 5 feet 4 inches, light complexion, rather stout, dark eyes, light hair. When last heard of he was living in Headingley, Manitoba, Canada, and his address was, care of Messrs. Francis and Black, there. While in England he was a ganger on a railway section.—15-8-91.

103 Information wanted of GEORGE THOMPSON, age 21 years, who left Mr. McQuarrier's Orphans' Home, England, for Canada, in 1884. Was last heard of in *Frankford or Frankford, Ontario.*—15-8-91.

502 Information wanted of KATE SULLIVAN, who left Bristol, England, for Canada, in April 1884. Was sent out from Bishop Street, St. Pauls, Bristol. Last known address, Turwall or Surwall P.O., Ontario, Canada.—15-8-91.

501 Information wanted of GEORGE JACKSON, who left England in the year 1888. His last address was West Toronto Junction P. O. Trade, bricklayer.—15-8-91.

197 JAMES CHILVERS, age about 63, complexion fair. Used to go about selling cold-fish. Last address, Montreal, P. Q., twenty years ago. His nephew, James Chilvers, would be thankful for news.—15-8-91.

175 MARIE CANNEAU, last address, Weymouth, Nova Scotia, her brother Isaac leaving in 1860. She is sought for by her nephew, Isaac Canneau.—15-8-91.

193 JOHN FOX, last heard of three years ago, when his last address was 300 Bathurst Street, Toronto. Enquired after by his niece.—15-8-91.

194 THOMAS WAKEFIELD, last heard of in Upper Canada. His sister, Mary Williams, is anxious to get news of his whereabouts.—15-8-91.

190 ROSINA DEW, age 27, was parted from her only brother twenty years ago, and sent from Bristol, England, to a Girls' Home in Canada. He has heard that she visited Bristol enquiring after him about two years ago, but not finding him nor anybody she knew, returned to Canada at once. John Dew would be glad to hear of his long-lost sister.—15-8-91.

189 HARRY WHITEMORE, alias KELLEY, farm labourer, aged 22, *tall and fair. Went to Canada seven years ago.* Wrote last to his mother, two years ago, and enclosed the following name and address:—"Mr. H. Kelley, S. Lancaster, Lunenburg, Vermont, N.S." His reply was sent to the dead letter office. His mother, Mrs. Hyde, is anxious for tidings. U. S. Crys please copy.—15-8-91.

188 JOHN WALKER, age 58, left Belfast, Ireland, in 1864, for Toronto. Was an enthusiastic Orangeman, and started with the intention of joining a Mr. Cameron, a leading member of that body in Canada. His son William earnestly desires to hear of or from him.—15-8-91.

TOBACCO.

Young man, why do you use tobacco? Do you derive any benefit by it, and if so, what is it? Can you name a single one? You began because you saw others smoking, because you saw your friends, your chums, your school-mates or perhaps your father, smoking. This is why you commenced. Was an example like that worth following? No. Stop. Resolve, I will quit, I will crush the habit and once more be a man. Does tobacco hurt me? Many of our greatest men have died from its effects. How many cancers are caused from smoking? How many drunkards began by smoking? How many chewed before they commenced smoking? Nine out of ten began smoking before they chewed. In nearly all cases they first smoke, then chew, then drink. I do not say all drink who use tobacco, but I do say that the most of them do. If you doubt this, observe closely and see that I am right. The use of tobacco is a habit which tightens its hold on its subjects. I speak from observation, as I once knew a boy who began *smoking cigarettes*, and then called for cigars, and in the course of two or three weeks he found that he wanted at least two cigars daily. Oh! what a habit. He soon found that they made him nervous. His teeth which were once white, turned yellow, and became dirty and black from its use. He knew this would not do. He quit; and here let me say any one can quit if he wants to—if he tries to quit. Boys, stop the use of tobacco. Consider these lines. Read all you can find concerning tobacco and its use, and then cease to use it. May God help you to crush the habit.

Headquarters' Staff Appointments.

BRAMPTON—Staff-Capt. Bennett—
Saturday and Sunday, August 29th and 30th.

LIPPINCOTT ST.—Staff-Capt. Walton—
Sunday, August 30th.

YORKVILLE—Staff-Captain Fisher and Lieut. McColl—
Sunday, August 30th.

ARTHUR ST—Adjutant Miller—
Sunday, August 30th.

RICHMOND ST.—Adjutant Manton and Cadet Perks—
Sunday, August 30th.

[illegible]SGAR ST.—Capt. McKeen and Lieut. Griffiths—
Sunday, August 30th.

No. 1 MUSKETEERS,

Under Staff-Capt. Griffiths, will visit:

CARLETON PLACE	Aug.	22, 23
ALMONTE	"	24
RENFREW	"	25
PEMBROKE	"	26
BEACHBURG	"	27
COBDEN	"	28
TWEED	"	29, 30
MADOC	"	31
STIRLING	Sept.	1
CAMPBELLFORD	"	2, 3
NORWOOD	"	4
PETERBORO	"	5, 6
OMEMEE	"	7
LINDSAY	"	8
UXBRIDGE	"	9
MARKHAM	"	10

THE WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

GREAT - CAMP - MEETINGS

WILL BE HELD AT:—

INGERSOLL - Aug. 29 to Sept. 7

These Meetings will be led by

Brigadier and Mrs. Spooner, D. O. Sharp, Scribe Peard, and a crowd of Officers.

Refreshments on the Grounds.
Brass Band in Attendance.

NOTICE!

All communications respecting the Rescue Work, etc., must be addressed COMMISSIONER REES, Salvation Temple, Toronto, and not Rescue Home, Wilson Ave., as previously.

NOTICE.

All Cheques and Post-Office Orders must in the future be made payable to D. M. REES.

EYES FRONT ! ! !

SHORT POSTAGE.—We very frequently have to pay considerable sums on letters that have been posted to us with insufficient stamps on.

Will our officers please note this, and see that all their letters have the full value of postage on before despatching.

This is Urgent.

BANDSMEN, LOOK OUT !

The Improved Band Lamps have arrived at last.

All communications for insertion in the WAR CRY or "Young Soldier," must be written *on one side of the paper only*, plainly, in ink, and be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

We cannot undertake to return the manuscript of rejected communications.

SONGS AND POEMS MUST BE ORIGINAL; that is to say, they must be composed entirely by the sender; *and if they have previously appeared in print it must be so stated.*

BRIGADE, DIVISIONAL, AND CORPS REPORTS for insertion in the next week's WAR CRY should be in the Editor's hands by WEDNESDAY NOON AT LATEST. Preference will, however, be given to those reports which arrive early in the week. Matters of SPECIAL INTEREST, such as "big goes," persecutions, etc., should be reported to the Editor *immediately they occur.*

COPIES OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS IN WHICH ANY NOTICE OF ARMY WORK APPEARS SHOULD ALWAYS BE SENT TO THE EDITOR.

"Press matter" for publication, if marked to that effect, and *left open at the ends*, goes through the post at the book rate of postage, *i.e., one cent for four ounces.* All communications to be addressed to the Editor "War Cry," Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

PRESS TELEGRAMS should reach the Editor by TUESDAY NOON AT LATEST for insertion in the current "War Cry" or "Young Soldier," and should only be used for intelligence of an important nature, and must be addressed, "War Cry," or "Young Soldier," Toronto.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All Subscriptions, Money Orders, Changes of Address, etc., are to be addressed, and Money Orders made payable to D. M. REES, Salvation Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

THE NINTH
Canadian Anniversary

WILL BE CELEBRATED IN TORONTO

From SATURDAY September 12th, to WEDNESDAY 16th,

INCLUSIVE.

UNPARALLELED MEETINGS, PROCESSIONS AND COUNCILS.

THE COMMISSIONER IN COMMAND

ASSISTED BY

COLONEL YOUNG, BRIGADIER HOLLAND, Brigadiers Margetts, Philpott and Jacobs; Majors Calhoun and Baugh, and nearly the Whole of the Canadian Staff, with 500 Field Officers and Cadets.

Programme.

SATURDAY, in the Lippincott Street Barracks.

At 7:15 p.m., all the City Troops will assemble for a Monster Procession. 8 p.m.—A Welcome Demonstration.

SUNDAY, in The Temple, Albert Street.

8:30 a.m.—Special Knee-Drill. 9 a.m.—An Unequalled Open-Air Bombardment. 10 a.m.—Holiness Convention. No. I., II., III., IV. and XI. Corps united. 3 p.m.—Salvation House of Parliament. Representatives from all parts will speak. 7 p.m.—Great Salvation Campaign.

MONDAY, in The Temple.

All Day at The Cross.

Meetings commence at 7 and 10:30 a.m.; 2:30 and and 7:45 p.m.

TUESDAY, in The Temple.

7 p.m.—Novel March and Torchlight Procession in which all the S. A. Big and Little Drums in Ontario will be Played. 8 p.m. The COMMISSIONER will deliver his

Anniversary Address.

WEDNESDAY, in the Temple.

7 p.m.—Mammoth Trades' Union Parade. 8 p.m.—Trades' Union Demonstration and Musical Battle. 11 p.m.—All Night of Prayer.

ADMISSION TO EACH MEETING BY SILVER COLLECTION.

SPECIAL CHEAP RAILWAY TICKETS will be issued from all points, and it is expected that thousands of Soldiers and Friends will avail themselves of this privilege.

REFRESHMENTS AT CHEAP RATES.

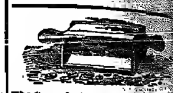
BILLETS will be required for about 500 Officers. City friends who can accommodate one or more will oblige by communicating with Brigadier Margetts, Cor. Lippincott and Ulster Streets, or any Army Officer. State whether you can take Male or Female, or Married Officers.

OFFICERS REQUIRING BILLETS should communicate with Brigadier Margetts early.

Special Officers' Councils are Arranged.

Full Particulars by Programme.

Will all our comrades [illegible] pray for Lieut. Whit[illegible] is very sick at her [illegible] Morrisburg.



The Commissioner desires to [illegible] acknowledge the following [illegible] to the Social Wing.

FOR THE QUARTERLY [illegible] Auxiliary, $2.

FOR THE KINGSTON PRISON [illegible] HOME—Mrs. Lambut, vegetables; [illegible] Woodhouse, four boxes of berries; [illegible] Heycock, vegetables; Mr. Strebanny [illegible]

FOR THE LONDON RESCUE HOME [illegible] Friend, $1; Mr. Saunby, 25c.; Mrs. [illegible] 50c.; Miss Elliott, 50c.; Friend, [illegible] Bowman, 50c.; Friend, vegetables; [illegible] Markham and Yeo, milk; Messrs. [illegible] man, Morris, and Mrs. Cottam, meat; [illegible] Eggleton, Beans; Friends apples, [illegible] beans and beets; Mrs. Cheesy, vegetables; Mrs. Andrews, bacon and sausage; [illegible] Wells, vegetables; Mrs Day, [illegible] Friends, lettuce and potatoes; Friend, meat; Mrs. Hascott, basket vegetables; Mr. Onn, fish; Mrs. Griffiths, [illegible] Friend, sewing cord.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER—[illegible] son, fish and vegetables; Simmons, [illegible] Dunn, meat; Bolton, meat; Hogg, [illegible] Frogley, buns; Cole, buns; Small, [illegible] A Friend, 20c.

FOR THE VICTORIA RESCUE [illegible] Nanaimo Soldier, $2; Nanaimo Corps [illegible] Friend, Victoria, $1; Lieut. C., V[illegible] meat; Mr. Munroe, Victoria, butter [illegible] cakes; Father Gray, Victoria, pears; [illegible] Niles, Victoria, fish; Friend, V[illegible] eggs and meat; Bro. Ward, V[illegible] oranges.

FOR THE TORONTO RESCUE H[illegible] Friend, $1; Miss L. Weston, 50c.; S[illegible] sick's Market, St. Lawrence [illegible] Messrs. Creelock, Norris, Daisy [illegible] others, meat and vegetables; Messrs. [illegible] and Lloyd, cakes and buns; A [illegible] parcel of clothing; Temple Bands[illegible] clothing and books for Children's [illegible] Guelph Friends, two large boxes of [illegible] ing, etc.; Miss Lindsay, dress; Mr. [illegible] Adams, dress and jacket; Mr. W[illegible] children's clothing; Mr. Dobbie, [illegible] and children's clothing; Mr. D[illegible] men and children's clothing; Mr. [illegible] Brown, children's clothing; Mr. T. [illegible] boys' clothing; Mrs. Dyson, quilt; [illegible] John Hockin, dress; Mr. C. W. [illegible] dress and children's clothing; Mr. [illegible] children's clothing; Mr. Briston, ch[illegible] clothing; Mr. Kelty children's clo[illegible] Mr. Wm. Stewart, women's clothing; [illegible] Angus McKinnon, dresses; Miss [illegible] Laing, Arkell, children's clothing; [illegible] Webster, children's clothing; M[illegible] Mills, tinware, Mr. J. W. Eaton, [illegible] ren's clothing; Mr. J. Hayes, toys; [illegible] McKim, factory; Mr. A. J. Little, [illegible] ren's clothing.

FOR THE MONTREAL RESCUE [illegible] J. J. D., $1; H. Vineberg, $1; Mrs. She[illegible] $1; Friend, $10; Mr. R., $1; Mr. Walker, [illegible] Collected by Sergeant Fraser in [illegible] amounts, $12.50; Soldier, 50c.; [illegible] Market and Mountain St. Market, [illegible] K. Olson, 1 doz. scrub brushes; J. [illegible] duck Simpson, $1; Auxiliary B., $1; [illegible] $1; H. Birks, $2; Friend, $1; Friend, [illegible] R. F. & F., $1; C. N. Desgood, tea; [illegible] Market, Mr. Vattie, St. Ann's [illegible] meat and vegetables; Friend, clothes; [illegible] Hague, clothing; collected by [illegible] Fraser in small amounts, $19.[illegible] Robertson, $1; Friend, $1; Friend, [illegible] Manitoba, $1.

FOR THE ST. JOHN, N. B. R[illegible] HOME—A Friend, $1; A Friend, 25c.; [illegible] Cromby, $2.50c.; Mrs. Flemming, 10c.; [illegible] and cake; Mrs. D. Tapler, $1; Mrs. [illegible] son, $1; Mrs. Mallor, 50c.; Mrs. [illegible] bread; Mrs. Linerie, bread; Mrs. Abra[illegible] $1; Miss McIntyre, $1.25; Mrs. Bel[illegible] basket food; Mrs. Pierce, $1.50.; A Friend, [illegible] $2; Mr. Thorne, $2; Mr. Browning, [illegible] Mrs. Godsoe, $1; Mrs. Sulivan, 25c.; [illegible] Brundage, 25c.; A. M., 25c.; A Friend, [illegible] Mrs. Currie, bread and rice; Mr. Lei[illegible] pies, biscuits and cake; Mrs. Belyea, bread, [illegible] meat, soap and lard; Mrs. Clauson, parcel of clothing.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY [illegible] with all S. A. Publications [illegible] the S. A. Printing [illegible] 12 Albert St., Toronto

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the War, with [illegible] articles by the General and [illegible] directions and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way [illegible] spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of the WAR CRY, obtain circulated, not [illegible] constant and intensely the devotion of The Army [illegible] to all who read it to a more self-sacrificing [illegible] and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the [illegible] and [illegible] more confident efforts to extend the [illegible] kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Printed, with all S. A. publications, at the S. A. PRINTING HOUSE, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

REV. WM. BOOTH, General. D. M. REES, Commissioner.

The War Cry

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

VOL. VII. NO. 357. TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 29TH, 1891. PRICE 5 CENTS.

WELLS' HILL CAMP MEETINGS.

Meetings Various—An Earthly Paradise—Big Crowds—The Commissioner Waging War—An Indian Doctor—Balmy Breezes and Heavenly Waves of Glory—Descriptive Scenes—Shouts of Praise—Early Risers—Souls Seeking Salvation—Warm for the Devil—Victory and Success.

At the extreme northern limit of the Queen City lies Wells' Hill. Beautiful for situation is this spot. At its foot Toronto [illegible] from East [illegible] West. It is just such a place campers love. For two [illegible] three successive [illegible] the Army has pitched its tents on these grounds, and [illegible] we have availed ourselves [illegible] the opportunity [illegible] spending nearly [illegible] weeks on this [illegible] delightful earthly [illegible] paradise.

Pretty tents adorned the grounds, and our readers will get a better description [illegible] the scene presented, by looking [illegible] the illustration, also by the map, showing the [illegible] positions of the [illegible] tents, etc.

The big meeting-[illegible] was a vast improvement on others of by-gone collections, and [illegible] its purpose admirably. On Friday, July 31st [illegible] these special engagements commenced, and were kept up with vigor and earnestness throughout.

The crowds of officers and soldiers who gathered there received very much blessing, while those who [illegible] the heat and bustle of the busy city were well rewarded, getting the benefit, not only of the balmy breezes, but also of the glorious meetings held.

The fact that

LAST CAMP MEETINGS

on the Hill had proved a blessing to all, was demonstrated by several giving testimony to their having sought and found salvation [illegible] the lent last year.

Brig. Margetts, with Adjt. Addie and his staff, had supplied a most interesting programme of meetings, in which the various branches of the Social Wing were well represented. Then the subjects of the various knee-drills and Holiness meetings were taken hold of and well sifted. Officers' Councils were held, at which spiritual light and help was emparted to the Field Officers and Cadets, and altogether

GREAT GOOD WAS ACCOMPLISHED

in the name of Jesus. We shall not soon forget the marvellous manifestations of God's spirit, as seen in the conversion of many precious souls.

The First Sunday in Camp.

Time, to a Salvationist, is all too short. The manifold duties devolving upon him, as a Soldier of the Cross, the need he daily sees of being up and doing, if he is faithful to the cause he serves, brings a task for every moment. It is not to be wondered then, that the days pass quickly by and are gone almost before we are aware of the fact. Events crowd, one on the other in rapid succession, and live only in our recollections. And the years roll by in the same way. We are only human though, and can it be wondered that, like the rest of poor, tired humanity, the Salvation soldier looks forward with some

DEGREE OF SATISFACTION

to a few days of recreation, more particularly when they bring with them an opportunity of advancing still further the Kingdom of our God.

This opportunity has just been presented to the Queen City Salvationists, in the Camp Meetings that have just been held on Wells' Hill. It is not my intention to go minutely into the details of these meetings, for I will only try to give an outline of what occurred.

A more suitable place for the purpose could not be found, convenient to the city and yet removed to a great extent from all its noise and bustle, in plain sight of the battle-field, where, summer and winter,

THE FORTS OF DARKNESS

are assailed, and yet as secluded as a country wood; the soldiers have a grand opportunity to think of past victories, and get their spiritual strength renewed for future conquests.

But to the meetings, the first of which was held on Saturday evening, and it gave but meagre promise of the good times that were to follow. A drizzling rain during the afternoon put a damper on the proceedings, and it was a poor crowd that assembled for the opening meeting. The Brigadier's faith for fine weather on the morrow was rewarded in a proper manner, for it opened clear and beautiful, and remained so throughout the day.

The morning knee-drill proved to be a time of blessing, and between it and the 10:30 meeting

A LARGE NUMBER ARRIVED

on the grounds from different city corps. Colonel Young, assisted by Brigadier Holland took command. The meeting was proper in every respect, and an abundance of testimonies were given of God's power to save to the uttermost. At the conclusion of the meeting one backslidden sister returned to the fold.

The crowd continued to increase, and when the time came for the afternoon meeting the large tent was well filled. A noticeable feature of the meeting was the singing of the Kaleidoscope Band. Jimmie and his old-time solo were all there, so was Mother Medlock, of Toronto V.

The evening meeting concluded the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]